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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1904.

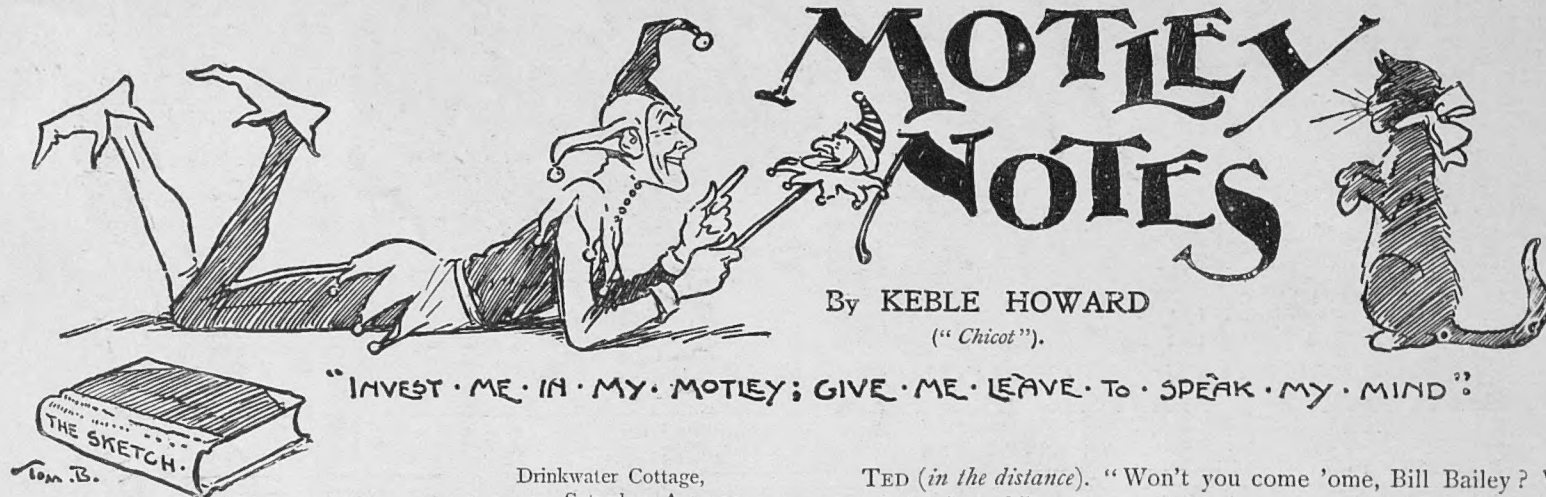
SIXPENCE.



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD,  
THE "GIBSON GIRL" IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.*





THE most talked-of personage at the present moment is a gentleman named Mr. William Bailey. For myself, I am bound to admit that I know little or nothing about the fellow. That I am hopelessly in the minority, however, is evident from the fact that every man, woman, and child in my immediate vicinity is on sufficiently intimate terms with Mr. Bailey as to warrant, in speaking of him, the use of the pet-name "Bill." Nor is this the only sign of his popularity, for I am constantly overhearing the most pressing invitations extended to the fortunate Bill, together with an earnest assurance that there will be no charge made for lodging. It is really very interesting, very wonderful to note the way in which the people of England have taken Mr. William Bailey to their hearts. Passing through the Strand the other day, I caught a fragment of a discussion that was going on outside the Savoy between two navvies.

"Yes," said the first navvy, fixing a thoughtful eye on a stray plank that was lying across the pavement, "I reckon 'e was a decent sort of chap, that 'ere Bill Bailey."

The other—a man with a remnant of conscience, apparently, for he was pretending not to see the plank—nodded. "As good a feller as ever stepped," he assented. Then, removing his pipe from his mouth, he pursed up his lips.

I walked on quickly.

Even in this remote spot, there is just the same enthusiasm about dear old Bill. As I write, for example, I can hear, with painful distinctness, the conversation that is being carried on in high, shrill tones by two little girls and a little boy who, incidentally, are dabbling their boots in the beautiful well. This is something like it—

ALICE (*singing*). "Won't you come 'ome, Bill Bailey, won't you come 'ome? Won't you come 'ome with me? I'll pay the rent, Bill—"

TED. Look out oo yer a-splashin', yer little silly!

ALICE. I never splashed yer! It wus Lizzie.

LIZZIE. Oo, you story! It never wus, then—so there!

TED. You mind as you don't do it agen, that's all. (*Sings*) "Won't you come 'ome, Bill Bailey, won't you come 'ome? Won't you—"

ALICE. I shouldn't wonder if Bill Bailey did come 'ome one o' these days, and then you'd look a bit silly.

TED. I shouldn't mind if 'e wus to. 'E's a bit of allright, old Bill.

LIZZIE. Yer don't suppose 'e'd— Golly! I wus just goin' ter pick up that there bit of apple with the wasp on it!

TED. Don't suppose 'e'd wot?

LIZZIE. Don't suppose 'e'd pot. (*Laughs delightedly*.)

ALICE. If I was Ted I'd give yer a good knock, yer cheeky little thing!

LIZZIE. 'E daresn't.

TED. Daresn't I? You try it on, then, and see. (*Sings*) "Won't you come 'ome, Bill Bailey, won't you come 'ome? Won't you—"

ALICE. 'E's a precious big chap, yer know, Bill Bailey.

TED. 'Ow big is 'e?

ALICE. Oo, as big as Lizzie's father.

TED. That ain't big.

LIZZIE. Bigger than you'll ever be, anyway, Ted Smith. (*A sound of splashing*.) Now you just stop it, or I'll tell yer mother! See if I don't!

TED. You can tell 'er what yer like. D'yer think she'll take any notice o' you? (*Splashing continues*.)

LIZZIE. Well, my mother will then. Stop it! D'ye 'ear?

K. H. (*leaning out of the window*). Would you little children go further away if I gave you a penny each? Here you are. (*Throws down pennies*.)

ALICE. Thankyer, sir. (*They run off, giggling*.)

TED (*in the distance*). "Won't you come 'ome, Bill Bailey? Won't you come 'ome?"

I did a bold thing on Wednesday last; I had the audacity, if you please, to travel up to town in a cap. "Heavens!" you exclaim, "what on earth did you do that for?" The explanation is simple. When I set out from Drinkwater Cottage, the rain was falling straight and fast. It would have been absurd to wear a straw hat, and I had no other kind of hat in the place. For all that, had I anticipated the sensation that was about to be caused by my humble cap, I think I should have either worn the straw hat or stayed at home. A man in a woman's bonnet, I believe, would have attracted less attention. It was all very well for me to remind myself that the Bishop of London, that courageous one, had been seen in a cap during the hot weather. The thought, stimulating as it might be, was powerless to ward off the sneerings of cabmen, the grinnings of porters, the supercilious glances of my travelling companions, the doubtful expression on the face of the ticket-collector, the guffaw of the office boy, the courteous disapproval of the club porter, the weary scorn of the only acquaintance left in town. Small wonder that I hurried round to my little nest among the stars and drew, from its summer quarters, a dusty, battered bowler. . . . By the way, I should like to hear the Bishop of London's experiences in this connection. He and I, of course, are the only people who have ever worn caps in town.

London, I may mention, was looking beastly. The Strand, for example, was entirely given over to open-mouthed trippers and dilatory navvies. The trippers were surging along on the wrong side of the pavement, and the navvies were picnicking, as pleasantly as possible, in the middle of the road. The rain, certainly, had ceased, but the puddles were still in evidence. As for the few Londoners with whom I exchanged greetings, they all gave me the impression, both with regard to speech and general bearing, of people who had abandoned hope. Over the whole Metropolis, indeed, there hung an atmosphere of wretchedness. Nearly all the theatres, of course, were shut, and the few that remained open looked unreal and cheerless. If one studied the bills, one found that many of the principal performers were away. Even the evening papers seemed to have lost a good deal of their high-spirited humour, and were driven to make an absurd amount of fuss over a rather smart, rather rude telegram sent to an ambitious, struggling young actor by Mr. J. M. Barrie. . . . I was glad, as you may imagine, to find myself once again amid the rural simplicities that constitute, for the most part, the sweets of life at Drinkwater Cottage.

Amongst the alarming accumulation of correspondence that I found awaiting me at *The Sketch* office was an invitation from a gentleman styling himself a Tattoo-Artist. "In view," he wrote, "of the increasing interest which is being exercised in the Art of Tattooing at the present day, I consider it a fitting opportunity to draw your kind attention to the fact that I am now booking sittings for all persons desirous of being tattooed. During my many years' experience in the West-End of London, clients occupying the highest stations in life, in various parts of the world, have favoured me with sittings." It is evident, you see, that the Art of Tattooing is likely to succeed Bridge as a hobby for the restless rich. When that happy time comes, the playgoer will no longer be put to the blush by being forced to gaze upon some wide—and ever-widening—expanse of naked back. On the contrary, he will be able to employ himself between the acts in deciphering a number of original and copyright designs executed in all colours and tints. Again, lady novelists with sound business instincts will be afforded an opportunity of advertising, quite inexpensively, their stories of simple love, whilst the wives of sudden millionaires will be able to display, in more senses than one, their noble arms.



HUMOURS OF THE CONTINENTAL SPA SEASON.





## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Summons to Surrender—Etiquette of Assault—The Ground Landlord of Marienbad.*

THAT General Stoessel should have replied as he did to the Japanese officer who came to ask for the surrender of Port Arthur was to be expected. No soldier, whatever his nation might be, could surrender a great fortress until a close assault had been made on it. There is etiquette in this as in most other military

matters, and during the Napoleonic wars, when a code of modern honour enforced by court-martial came into being, no General in command of a garrison would listen to any terms of surrender until he had repulsed an assault upon the walls of his town. Any preliminary messages from the enemy in which the besieged were requested to surrender so as to avoid useless bloodshed were treated as a pure formality. The bringer of such a message was always entertained lavishly, to impress on him that the garrison was amply provisioned, and he was sent back with a very polite letter of thanks and refusal. That General Stoessel was thrown into a paroxysm of rage at receiving the summons is, I think, unlikely; that he was courteous to the



The Club.

MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SON'S EMPLOYÉES' CLUB.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CLUBHOUSE, NEXT DOOR TO "THE SKETCH" FOUNDRY AND COMPOSING-ROOM.

bringer of it is in accordance with all the usages of war. The terms of surrender proposed were not so liberal as they might seem to a lay mind. The garrison were to march out with all honours of war—that is, with drums beating, colours flying, bayonets fixed, and taking all their personal effects—and were to join General Kuropatkin; but the fortress and the vessels in the harbour were to be handed over to the Japanese. What General Kuropatkin wants are provisions and ammunition, not men. Soldiers by thousands are being sent to him daily over the single line which connects him with Western Russia; his problem is how to feed his great army and keep them supplied with munitions of war, and he would not welcome twenty thousand heroes worn with privation, who would require rest and plenty of good food before they went into the fighting-line again.

When the inner line of forts at Port Arthur has been broken, and the only resistance which the garrison could offer would be house-to-house fighting in the streets, General Stoessel may consider terms of surrender; but he is likely to ask that his men may be shipped to Vladivostok and not be sent to join the main army. He would have plenty of historic precedents for such a request. Russian officers, however, do not like the word "surrender," and often prefer death. At Sevastopol there was a dramatic scene when the final assaults took place, a band of officers, headed by a white-haired general, meeting the assailants and preferring to be killed rather than march away with the troops acknowledging defeat. There are likely at Port Arthur to be many scenes of such a kind, for in the fortress by the Eastern sea the Russians are like rats in a trap; they have no bridge to safety, as they had in Sevastopol.

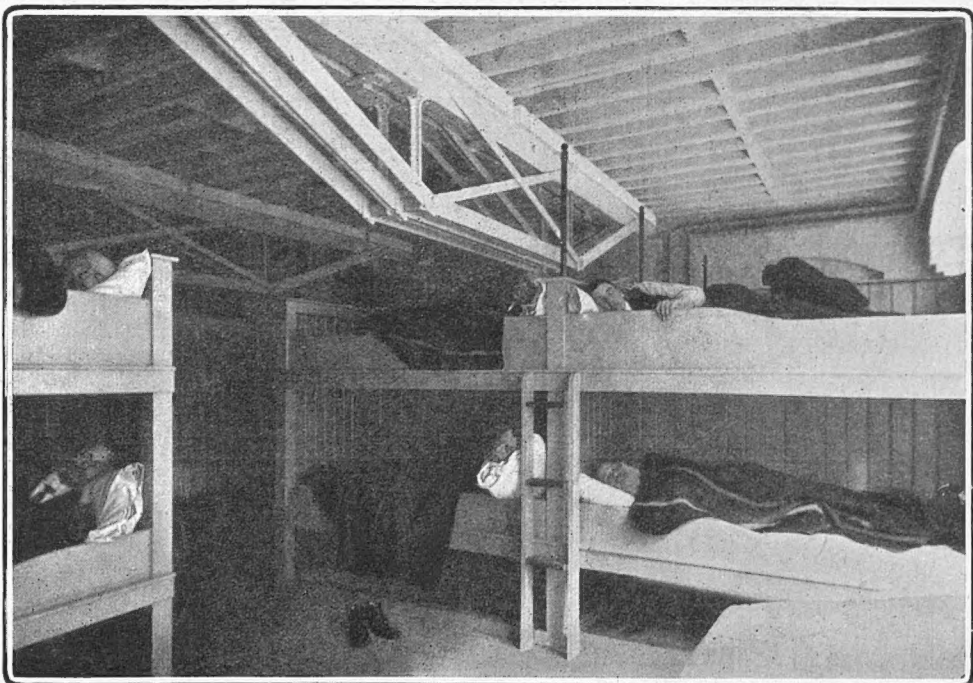
The surrender of the ships afloat in the harbour of Port Arthur was, of course, a request which the Japanese knew could not be considered. If the beaten-back warships are at Port Arthur when the Japanese take the town they will be at the bottom of the harbour, with machinery and guns made unserviceable and great holes blown in their hulls.

The idea of the *Retvizan* and the other war-ships which have fought so gallantly being taken to Japanese dockyards, there repaired and then sent out under Japanese names to fight against the Baltic fleet when it reaches Chinese waters—if it ever does—seems an impossible one to every Russian.

It is a pretty touch in a very grim passage of warfare that the Japanese sailors should have saved the pet-birds of the Russian sailors from the floating wreckage of the *Rurik*. I hope that if the Russian owners of the birds are still alive their pets will be restored to them. Those Russian giants who man the fleet in the Pacific waters have a hard life. Vladivostok, even with unlimited vodka in its drinking-shops, is a cheerless town, and its waters, either hurricane-swept or wrapped in fog, are some of the most inhospitable in the world. The singing-birds on these roving cruisers were probably the only softening influences in the sailors' lives.

I was rather amused to read in the official account of King Edward's dinner-party at Marienbad in honour of his brother monarch that "an Abbot" was one of the invited guests. That Abbot was a very important person indeed, being the head of the Monastery of Tepl, to which all the land on which Marienbad stands belongs. Our King was entertaining the ground landlord of the town. Of course, there is a story of the miraculous origin of the springs at Marienbad, as there is at nearly every other healing spot, but the monks have not encouraged this history, and have shown themselves most practical and most liberal landlords, surrounding their wells and springs with everything that a modern "cure" place requires. His Majesty, having entertained the reverend landlord at dinner, still further gratified him by listening to a sermon from him, for it was the Abbot of Tepl who preached during the State service which our King attended in honour of the Emperor of Austria's birthday.

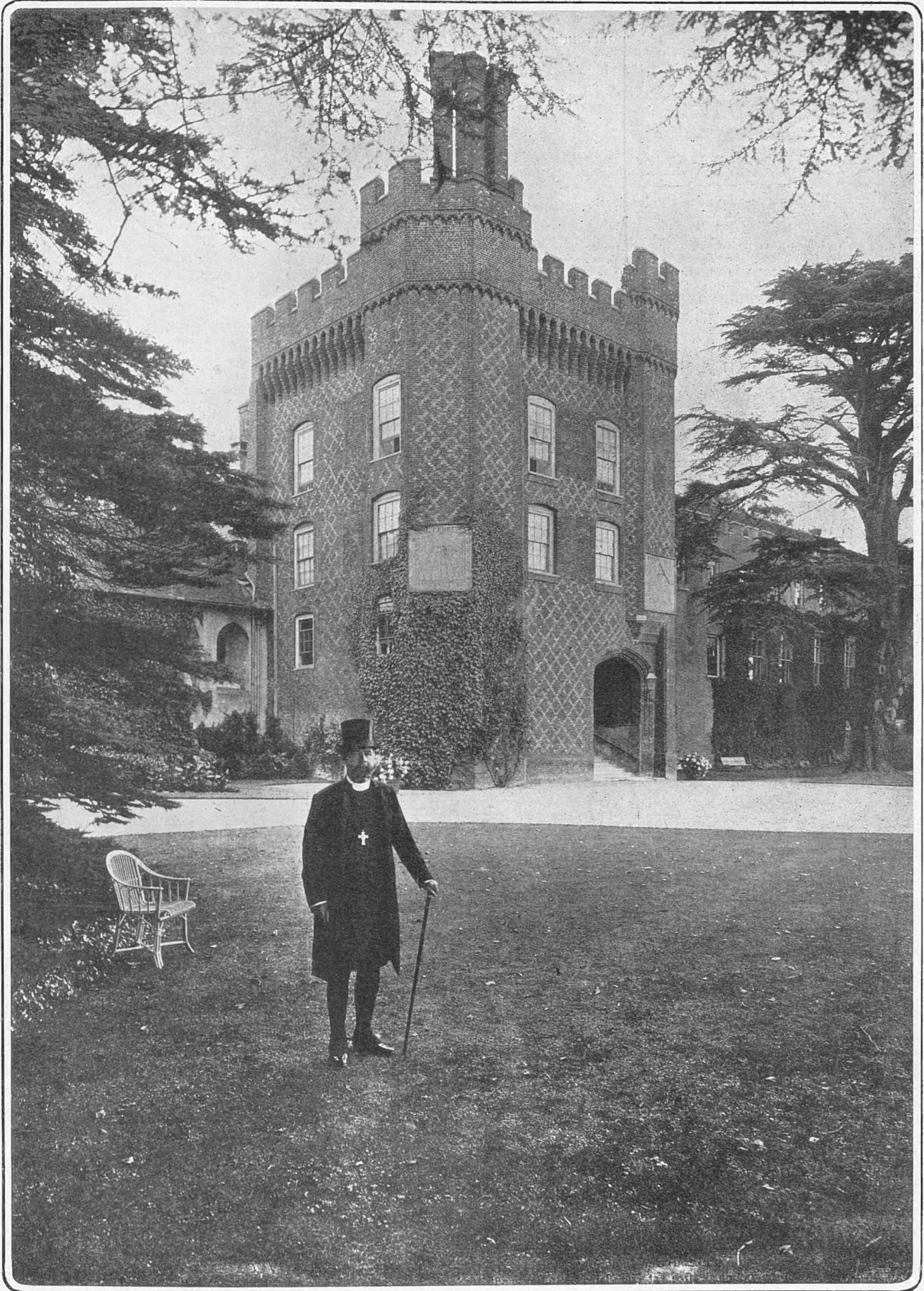
An interesting ceremony took place recently in Milford Lane, Strand, when Lady Esther Smith opened a Club which has been provided by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son for the benefit of the employes of their headquarters staff. Though everybody is familiar with Smith's Railway Bookstalls, few have given even a thought to the wonderful perfection of organisation necessary to carry on such a gigantic business successfully; but Messrs. Smith have always had an enviable reputation for the generosity with which they treat those who serve them faithfully, and this has undoubtedly conducted not a little to the marvellous growth of their business. The new Club supplies the men engaged during the day with wholesome and substantial meals at an infinitesimal cost, and contains also a large room with a number of bunks for sleeping accommodation, so that it will add greatly to the comfort of those workers whose homes are at a distance. Lady Esther Smith, who was accompanied by her husband, the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Acland, and Mr. and Mrs. Hornby, had a most enthusiastic reception, and the ceremony, which had nothing of the pomp and circumstance often accompanying the initiation of far less useful institutions, was remarkable chiefly for its informality and heartiness. Mr. G. Hulbert made a neat little speech, in which he gave a short history of the Club's inception; her Ladyship then declared the Club open, and, a vote of thanks having been passed, Mr. J. Monger, on behalf of the Provisional Committee, presented Lady Esther with an appropriate souvenir of the occasion.



MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SON'S EMPLOYÉES' CLUB: AN EARLY MORNING SCENE, AFTER THE DESPATCH OF THE LONDON PAPERS TO THE PROVINCES.

Photographs by E. K. Baker.





THE RIGHT REV. HERBERT EDWARD RYLE, D.D., BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,  
IN THE GROUNDS OF FARNHAM CASTLE, SURREY.

*Photographed for "The Sketch."*



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*Details of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.*

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*Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.*

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SAM FAY, General Manager.

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THE  
**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**  
FOR AUGUST 27  
CONTAINS  
**REMARKABLE**  
**WAR PICTURES**

From Sketches by FREDERIC VILLIERS

AND OTHER SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST.

Fuller details of the Number appear on another page.





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE meeting of King Edward and the Emperor Francis Joseph at the beautiful little Bohemian "Bad" which always refreshes and invigorates our monarch is of practically no political importance. Indeed, it is probably even less important from that point of view than His Majesty's previous visit to the German Emperor at Kiel. Perhaps for that very reason the meeting of the two monarchs is all the more interesting in

its personal aspect. For more than fifty-five years Francis Joseph has worn the most uneasy crown in Europe, and, though shaken by the most terrible domestic griefs, the tragical deaths both of his son and of his beloved Consort, he has borne himself with unfailing courage. Like Queen Victoria, for whom he entertained a deep veneration, he may be said to have added lustre to the institution of monarchy itself. It was a real disappointment to the British people that the Emperor was obliged, on account of his advancing years, to give up the idea of visiting London.

### *The King's "Cure."*

It is understood that the King is very severe with himself, and always "plays the game" most strictly at every spa that he visits. The "cure" at Marienbad is much sterner and simpler than at Homburg, and, moreover, you do everything under the supervision of one of the many clever doctors in the little town, at the head of whom is Dr. Ott, the King's physician. You get up very early, some people visiting the Spring as early as five o'clock in the morning, while nobody is later than seven. The water is not at all bad, and you imbibe several glasses, the first of which is slightly warm. The air, partly owing to the pine-forests which surround the place, is tremendously exhilarating, and as this induces appetite, the miserable victims of the "cure" find the partial starvation which is the most important part of it not a little trying. Breakfast is a shadow, and dinner is the shadow of a shade; the day brings only one square meal, between one and two o'clock, and even at that you must not eat any butter or pastry, mayonnaise or salmon, duck or goose—in fact, almost everything that you are in the habit of eating is anathema.

*The King's Friends.* In addition to the Emperor Francis Joseph, the King has enjoyed much pleasant and unceremonious intercourse with quite a number of his friends at Marienbad. In some ways the most interesting of all was his Royal kinsman, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who paid him quite a long visit, and carried away with him the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order. The Duke of Teck, who is Acting Military Attaché in Vienna, has also been a good deal with His Majesty, who takes a warm interest in the military career of the Princess of Wales's brother. Among His Majesty's non-Royal friends may be mentioned Mr. Henry Chaplin, whose stately form is no stranger to Marienbad, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James, who are, like Mr. and Mrs. Willie James of West Dean, honoured by His Majesty's friendship.

*Indirect Succession.* The European monarchical States still compelled to look to indirect succession are now but three. The Duke of Aosta, cousin to the King, is heir-presumptive to the throne of Italy; Philippe, Count of Flanders, is likely to follow his brother, the King of the Belgians; while Austria-Hungary will pass to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Este on the death of his uncle, the Emperor Francis Joseph.

*Lady Minto.* Lady Minto, whose husband is about to retire from the office of Governor-General of Canada, in which he has been extremely successful, is even more popular among the Canadians than Lord Minto. She is *petite*, with an exquisite figure, dark hair, magnificent colouring, and lustrous, expressive eyes. She has retained in an extraordinary degree her look of youth, and it is difficult to believe that she is the mother of Lord Melgund, a fine boy of thirteen, and his four sisters. Lady Minto was brought up in the atmosphere of the Court, for her father was General the Hon. Charles Grey, who was an important member of the Household of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. She is thus a sister of Lady Antrim

and of Lady Victoria Dawnay. Moreover, Lady Minto is a thorough sportswoman, and the years she has spent in Canada have made her a marvellous skater; she has also done a good deal of tobogganning and sledging. Lady Minto loves travelling, and has not only explored the Klondyke, but also spent some happy weeks in Japan not long before the war broke out.

### *Three Pairs of "Doubles."*

The unfortunate Adolf Beck and those numerous others possessing embarrassing "doubles" may console themselves, in a measure at least, by the reflection that they are less lonely in their affliction than they, perhaps, thought. A delightfully droll story comes from Germany. A gentleman who had already "done time" was wanted by the police for a further offence, and the district-stations were supplied with a set of six photographs of the law-breaker, taken, on the Bertillon system, in different positions. These had not been in circulation long before a local "chief" notified headquarters that he had arrested five of the miscreants, and that the sixth, who was closely watched, would be captured almost immediately. It is, apparently, not yet decided how such energy can be fittingly recognised.



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO (WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA), WHO IS NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

*Photograph by Langhler, Old Bond Street, W.*



*A Travelled Duchess.*

The Duchess of Somerset, who comes of a family, the Mackinnons in the Isle of Skye, which is quite as ancient, though not so famous in history, as the St. Maurs, is undoubtedly the most travelled of all living Duchesses. Her husband is an intrepid traveller, hunter, and sportsman. Before he succeeded to the title he took his wife a delightfully unconventional tour in Canada, and, on her return, Lady Seymour—as she then was—published a vivid account of her experiences, under the title of "The Impressions of a Tender-foot." It was illustrated with her own sketches. Of late years the Duchess has brought her intelligent sympathy to the task of improving the condition of workhouses; she also composes songs and hymns and writes a good deal. She is a capital shot and a daring rider to hounds. At Maiden Bradley, moreover, the Duchess is the lucky owner of one of the most delightful old-world gardens in the kingdom.

*A Popular Minister.*

Lord Stanley can get Bills passed through the House of Commons when other members of the Government fail. Last Session he had his usual good fortune, and his popularity was as great as ever. There is something in his frank manner and smiling face which appeals to everybody. The Irish have gone out of their way to oblige him since he was an Assistant Whip and became acquainted with many of them personally. This is Lord Stanley's third Parliament. After serving throughout the last Parliament as a Whip, with a useful interlude in South Africa, he was for several years Financial Secretary to the War Office, and is now Postmaster-General, with Cabinet rank, although he is only in his fortieth year. Lord Stanley is very much at home in a House where his name is celebrated, and, although he has not genius and speaks in a breathless gallop instead of being a finished debater, he is the sort of man to make a good leader. Much knowledge of the world and of Parliamentary nature is veiled by his smile. Members sometimes allow his business to pass easily because "he's a good fellow." It is suspected that Lord Stanley is also a clever fellow.

*The Scattered Ministers.*

Members of the Government looked as delighted as schoolboys on the last day of the Session, and most of them hurried out of London to forget bores and fiscal intrigues and snap divisions. Some of them have gone to the Continent, others are on the grouse-moors and golf-links of Scotland, and a few are at their own places in England and Ireland. Perhaps none of them welcomes the recess quite so keenly as Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, the Chief Government Whip. His majority, in spite of numerous losses and defections, is eighty-eight, but, with many lazy and half-hearted men in his Party, he had a desperately anxious time. Only once was he beaten. On several occasions, however, he ran dangerous risks, and it was by good fortune as well as by vigilance that the Government ship survived all the dangers of the Session. For six months, if no crisis occurs, Sir Alexander may forget the Division Lobby, where on many a night his face was a picture of anxiety.

The marriage of Lord Dunsany and Lady Beatrice Villiers will connect a great Irish with a great English house. The wedding is to take place at the parish church of Middleton, near Bicester, where is Lord Jersey's seat of Middleton Park, on Sept. 15. Lord Dunsany, who is a nephew of Sir Horace Plunkett, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and

joined the Coldstream Guards. In the South African War he was at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein; but now he has retired from the Army, and is believed to have political ambitions, and, as his peerage is Irish, he can aspire to a seat in the House of Commons. Lord Dunsany's *fiancée* is a very versatile girl; she is both clever and brilliant, as becomes Lady Jersey's daughter, and, moreover, she is an excellent linguist and musician and is keen on all outdoor games. Her elder sisters are Lady Margaret Rice, the future Lady Dynevor, and Lady Longford.

*Italy's Hope.*

Now that a Czarevitch has been born, after so many disappointments, the Italians are in great hopes that the child which the Queen of Italy expects at the end of this month or the very beginning of September will also be a boy and an heir to the throne. Already there has been much talk as to what will be the title of the child if it is a boy, and at first the King and Queen proposed to call it the Prince of Rome, which would have given great satisfaction to the anti-Clerical party. But the King has now thought the matter over, and, in view of the policy of reconciliation with the Vatican which he is trying to bring about, he has decided that no title shall be fixed upon until it is seen whether the child is a boy or not. And meanwhile all Italy is waiting and hoping.

*An Island for Sale.*

Anyone who wants an island where he will get the full advantage of all the Atlantic breezes cannot do better than apply to a solicitor at Brest, who is entrusted with the sale of the little island known as Keller. This island is situated to the north of Ouessant, from which it is separated by a narrow channel, and contains about thirty acres, the only building being a small house with a garden and a well of fresh-water. Hares and rabbits exist there in great numbers and afford plenty of sport, and there is a little port at which it is quite easy to land on the island in calm weather. A few years ago the island was nearly bought by a German, who intended, so it was said, to hand it over to his Government for the purpose of building a fort on it. There was a great scandal at the time, and the proprietor was forced to withdraw the island. But now the place, with its fine, bracing atmosphere, is again in the market.

*A Royal Betrothal.*

It is said that the Princess Helena, only daughter of King Peter of Servia, is going to marry one of the Italian Princes, but it is not known which. Princess Helena is the niece of the Queen of Italy, whose eldest sister married Prince Peter Karageorgevich in 1883. The young Princess was born in October 1884, and so is nearly twenty years of age. She was educated in St. Petersburg with her aunts, the younger daughters of the Prince of Montenegro, with whom she is a great favourite. The Princess Helena spends a good deal of time in Italy with the Italian Court, and is at the present moment staying in Rome with her aunt.

The Emperor of Austria has nominated the Archduke Regnier to represent him at the International Press Congress which is about to meet at Vienna. This is a very complimentary appointment, as the Archduke is the senior member of the House of Hapsburg, being three years older than the Emperor

Francis Joseph. The Archduke Regnier is a very learned man, and has for many years been the Director of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna. As his sister was the second wife of Victor Emmanuel II., the Archduke is the great-uncle of the present King of Italy.



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



[Photograph by Gillman.]

LADY BEATRICE VILLIERS.



[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

LORD DUNSANY.

TO BE MARRIED AT MIDDLETON, NEAR BICESTER, ON SEPT. 15.



*Royal Plans.*

The King's plans are settled, at any rate in outline, for some time to come. His Majesty returns from Marienbad about Sept. 4, and will honour Lord and Lady Savile with a visit at Rufford Abbey for the Doncaster Meeting. His Majesty is expected to leave for Scotland on Sept. 9, and he will honour Lord and Lady Burton with a visit at Glenquoich for deer-stalking. It will be remembered what a fuss was made by rabid teetotalers when His Majesty visited Lord and Lady Burton at Rangenmore and took the opportunity of going over the great brewery of the Bass firm at Burton-on-Trent. Meanwhile, the Queen, having visited her daughter, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Fife at Mar Lodge, will leave for Copenhagen on a visit to her beloved father, the King of Denmark, towards the end of this month. The Princess of Wales returns to England on Sept. 1 from her long visit to Neu Strelitz, where she has been of the greatest comfort to her venerable aunt, the widowed Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Her Royal Highness is expected to go straight to Scotland, and by that time the Prince will have terminated his visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge.

*A Future Countess.*

Lady Kilmarnock, who is noted for her characteristically Scottish type of beauty, her eyes being large and luminous and her face full of expression and intelligence, is the only daughter of Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie of Glen Muick, and her marriage to Lord Erroll's eldest son and heir was one of the principal events of the Season of 1900. Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife were present, and both the bride and bridegroom received many splendid gifts from members of the Royal Family, notably from the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lord Kilmarnock is in the Diplomatic Service, and has

been attached to the Legation in Brussels for some time past. His wife should certainly be of great assistance to him in his career, for she is an exceptionally good linguist and an excellent talker, and she has marked musical taste. Lady Kilmarnock is deeply attached to her lovely Highland home of Glen Muick, where her father and mother are so universally beloved.

Three interesting and eminent personages are enlarging their experiences by travel. The Archbishop of Canterbury will land to-morrow in New York from the *Celtic*. His Grace is paying an official visit—the first ever



LADY KILMARNOCK, ONLY DAUGHTER OF SIR ALLAN MACKENZIE OF GLEN MUICK.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

paid by an Archbishop of Canterbury—to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, where he is sure of an exceptionally warm welcome. Dr. Davidson is already well known to many of the American Bishops by reason of his intimate association with the work of the last three Lambeth Conferences. A short tour in Canada will also be made. It is significant that the Archbishop has bargained for a fortnight's peace and quietness, free from all "functions," during the course of his tour. Mr. John Morley is also expected in the United States in October, and he will have to be very careful not to receive any interviewers, for the Presidential contest will then be in full swing, and it is certain that tremendous efforts will be made to "draw" him on the subject. The third eminent person on the wing is Mr. Thomas Burt, the old and respected Labour Member for Morpeth. He is going to South Africa partly, it is to be feared, for reasons of health, and everyone on both sides of the House will wish him complete restoration and a safe return full of the results of his acute and patient observation.

*The Baby Czarévitch.*

The birth of an heir to the Czar fulfils, it is said, a remarkable prophecy made by Prince Charles of Denmark, who is understood to be the clairvoyant of the Royal caste, he having predicted the birth of a son after the arrival of four daughters. This "Child cradled 'mid a nation's moan, Doomed to the burden of a throne," as a recent poet has described him, was presented by his pathetically delighted father with many things for which he has no present use. Prince Louis of Battenberg has gone to Russia as the bearer of an autograph letter from King Edward to the Czar, no doubt containing the warmest and friendliest congratulations. The baby Czarévitch is, of course, the great-nephew of the King, and also, through the Empress Alexander, of the Queen; while he may be said to share in a special sense in the great Victorian

tradition, for not only does the blood of the great Queen run in his veins, but his mother was constantly with Queen Victoria, who devoted much time and thought to her upbringing.

*The Châtelaine of Duntreath.*

Duntreath, the "Hill of the Chief," with its splendid prospects stretching nearly to Loch Lomond, and the famous Lennox Hills in another direction, can boast of a handsome *châtelaine*. Lady Edmonstone, once

known as Ida Agnes Forbes, a daughter of Mrs. George Forbes, and a granddaughter of that remarkable woman, Madame de Falbe, is adored by all upon the ancient acres of the Edmonstones. She is white, like a lily, and has lovely light-golden hair, and she has a natural predilection for black frocks and black hats, which set off her beauty to perfection. She was married to Sir Archibald Edmonstone in 1895, and they have three little boys, to the youngest of whom, Edward St. John, born three years ago, the King not only stood sponsor, but attended the christening in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in person. This might seem an unusual honour to pay to a Scottish Baronet, but it must



LADY EDMONSTONE, A DISTINGUISHED SCOTTISH HOSTESS.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

be remembered that the Edmonstones are a very ancient family and have the Royal blood of Scotland in their veins.

*The Countess-Author.*

Lady Cromartie's grandmother was a Countess-Duchess—Duchess by birth and Countess by creation—while Lady Cromartie herself is Countess by inheritance and author by her own choice. She is *petite* and rather a contrast to her tall, athletic-looking sister, Lady Constance

Stewart-Richardson; her hair and eyes are dark, and she has an exquisite figure. Lady Cromartie is one of the largest women landowners in the three kingdoms, and has, besides, a considerable fortune from other sources. Moreover, she is the ground-landlord of Strathpeffer, the well-known Scottish "Bad." Among her tenants in the Highlands she has always been almost worshipped. Lady Cromartie was introduced to the great world as a young girl by her aunt, the lovely Duchess of Sutherland. Her marriage with Major Edward Blunt, five years ago, was a wonderfully pretty ceremony; the bridesmaids, ten in number, were mostly Scottish girls, and the stalwart bridegroom, who is no "carpet knight," as his war-service in Egypt and South Africa shows, came in for a good deal of admiration also. A few weeks ago we reviewed Lady Cromartie's remarkable volume of Celtic tales, published under the title of "The End of the Song."



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE, AUTHOR OF "THE END OF THE SONG."

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



### Mr. Julius M. Price.

Mr. Julius M. Price, who is proceeding to Russia and probably Siberia, is to act as Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*. It is not improbable that Mr. Price will pass through St. Petersburg about the time of the Royal christening, in which case he will make sketches of that event. Mr. Price has already executed many commissions for the *Illustrated London News* as Special Artist-Correspondent. He has travelled in Siberia, Northern China, the Klondyke, the Western Australian Goldfields, and he was with the Greek Army during the Græco-Turkish War in 1897. Mr. Price was educated at University College School and at Brussels, and he studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris. He is an exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon.

### An Original Hostess.

Among the great ladies of the Roman Catholic world, Lady de Trafford occupies a special place, not only as the wife of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, whose family was settled in Lancashire before the Conquest, but also on account of her own charming personality. Tall, graceful, crowned with a wealth of dark hair, and looking out with lustrous dark eyes on a world which contains for her none but friends, Lady de Trafford is noted in Society for her originality. She was Miss Violet Franklin, a daughter of Captain James Franklin, who came of an ancient Irish family. She has the pretty conceit of carrying out her Christian name in the colours of her dress and in her fondness for wearing violets. Lady de Trafford is always known as "V. de T." among her intimates and is famous for her charming little dinners. She has three fine boys and a little daughter.

### King and Kaiser.

It is now settled that the German Emperor is to visit King Edward at Windsor in time to be present at the family celebration of His Majesty's birthday (writes our Berlin Correspondent). It is amusing to notice how the German Press endeavours to cry quits with its British contemporaries regarding the political significance of these Royal visits. When King Edward came to Kiel, the German public was assured that the meeting was invested with the greatest importance. But as King Edward, in his speech, assured the world that his purpose in coming to Kiel was to study the progress made by Germany in the science of yacht-racing, the German Press thinks that it cannot do better than attribute the impending visit of the Emperor William to his desire for some good sport. Accordingly, it publishes the announcement of the visit under the singular title of "The Emperor's Shooting Fixtures," and states that His Majesty hopes to join King Edward's shooting-parties in the first half of November.

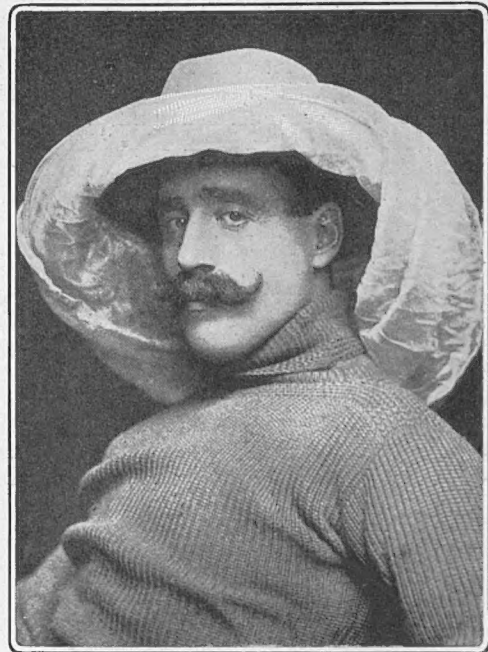
### Birth of the Czarévitch.

The birth of an heir to the Russian throne is attributed in Russia to the special intervention of the saints of the National Church. It is a matter of common knowledge that, three years ago, immediately after the youngest daughter of the Imperial pair had been born; orders

before the shrines in which rest the bones of the saints, entreating them to bless "Matuschka" (Little Mother) the Czarina with a son and heir.

### Imperial Pilgrims.

The Imperial pair, too, made many pilgrimages to sacred spots, and especially at Moscow displayed the greatest fervour in prayer for a male issue. They visited the most celebrated cloisters of the ancient capital, attended the ritual of the Church at night-time, and descended into the subterranean passages of the churches, where, beside the coffins of the miracle-workers, they implored the fulfilment of their devout wish. Father John of Cronstadt also gathered around him thousands of believers in united supplication. But it was not until August last, when the Imperial pair journeyed to Sarow to attend the glorification of the Holy Seraphim, that the people began to gain confidence in the consummation of their patriotic desire. There, at Sarow, the Czar and Czarina accomplished more than a thousand prayers, besides bathing in the holy well of the patron saint of infant children; and within a year of these pious exercises, as the Russian nation is observing to-day, not without a shudder of religious awe, a son and heir has actually been born to the Russian throne.



MR. JULIUS M. PRICE,  
SPECIAL ARTIST IN RUSSIA OF THE "ILLUSTRATED  
LONDON NEWS."

Photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

**Czar and Czarina.** It is believed by those who are best acquainted with the Muscovite soul that the mere presence of the infant Alexis in the Imperial cradle will effect a wonderful improvement in the internal condition of the Russian Empire. Just prior to his birth, rumours of the ugliest description were circulating in more than one Continental capital attributing to some highly placed personages the design of effecting a "palace revolution" in the interests of the autocracy. It is unnecessary to particularise those rumours. Their nature is sufficiently indicated by the observation of a German statesman, when he heard of the arrival of an heir at Peterhof, that it was the best life-insurance conceivable for the present Czar. Here in Germany the event has been hailed with especial satisfaction, in the belief that it will give the Czarina an augmented influence. Hitherto the Czarina has been unable to bring her power to bear on the policy of the Empire; but in Germany it is believed that this has been due to her misfortune and not to any lack of personality. Consequently her characteristics are being discussed with a more than common interest. Among other things related of her is that she has found much pleasure in recent years in indulging her undoubted talents of caricature. One person only did she refrain from depicting with her pencil—her husband. But a few months ago, at the special request of the Emperor Nicholas himself, she consented to caricature him. She rendered him sitting, with a golden crown upon his head, in a cradle drawn by his mother!

### The Naming of the Czarévitch.

That the head of one of the most superstitious nations of the world should name his son and heir after a Prince who was tortured and done to death by order of his father cannot fail to cause comment and surprise. And that is precisely what the Czar, of all people, has done. True, he has reasons: the Alexis whose name the infant heir to the throne of All the Russias is to bear was the only previous Czarévitch born to a reigning Czar, Peter the Great; and Nicholas II. has, moreover, always evinced great interest in the miserable career of the murdered Prince, even impersonating him at a fancy-dress ball at the Winter Palace last year. Yet it is a strange choice.

### Mimic Warfare.

The mimic warfare of the British Army, both past and prospective, presents two rather extraordinary points. The first is the news that the field operations of the 1st Army Corps in the Thames Valley were brought abruptly to an end "owing to the funds at the disposal of the General Officer commanding running out." A nice reason for curtailing the training of thirty thousand men of all arms. The second is the statement that the King of the Belgians has appointed General Baron Wahis, the Governor-General of the Congo, to represent him at the British Army Manœuvres. Truly a daring, if not diplomatic, choice.



LADY DE TRAFFORD, WIFE OF SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

were issued for the holding of prayers of intercession on Sundays and holidays at the graves of the various saints in the Russian Calendar. These orders were rigorously fulfilled by the pious Russian people. Frequently poor peasant-women were observed to sacrifice their last kopeck in the purchase of altar-candles and to kneel bareheaded



THE TOURIST IN ITALY: SOME CHARMING VIEWS OF FLORENCE.



THE CAMPANILE.



THE CATHEDRAL.



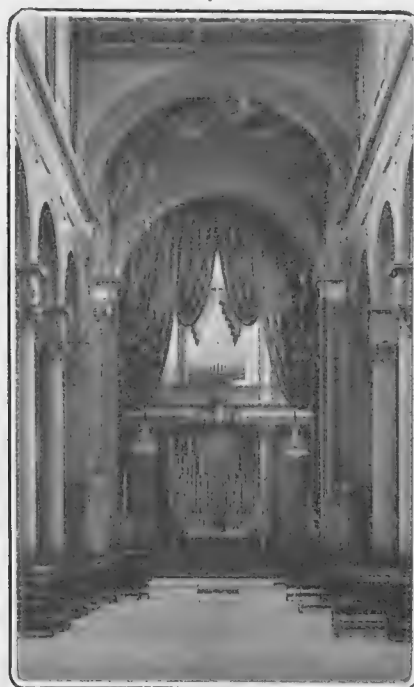
PALAZZO VECCHIO AND GALLERIES.



THE PONTE VECCHIO.



A FLORENTINE SQUARE.



INTERIOR OF S. LORENZO.



THE DANTE MEMORIAL IN S. CROCE.



ALTAR IN S. SPIRITO.

*Photographs by Ballance, St. Moritz.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IN one of the morning papers that reach me just now, twenty-four hours or more after publication, I read that Mr. Justice Wright has joined the great majority. Perhaps there was no other way in which he might end his sufferings, but the news is not the less sad. For Sir Robert Wright was comparatively a young man and one of brilliant attainments, and he worked to his high position in the face of the opposition that waits actively or passively upon all men who are "agin' the Government." In my law-student days I had many opportunities of hearing the late Judge, and chance taught me of the great kindness and human sympathy that were mingled with his administration of the law. In fact, I always hoped that, if it should be my fate to appear at the Old Bailey in the rôle of defendant, Sir Robert Wright might be on the Bench.

I suppose the British Mission has had an interesting time in Lassa, but I am grieved to read between the lines of my morning

titles have been conferred upon him. Doubtless he will be made Honorary Colonel of half-a-dozen French, German, and Austrian regiments before he is weaned. Down to the present, however, he does not seem to have been appointed to any very high post in the Russian Admiralty, and yet there would seem to be several positions there that he could fill at least as well as the gentlemen who occupy them now. Until Admiral Togo has retired from business, it would, of course, be unwise to appoint the Czarevitch to the honorary command of any particular man-of-war.

So just, clean, up-to-date, and admirable is Belgian rule in the Congo Free State that the authorities there are about to finance a newspaper that is to plead their cause in English to the miserable people who refuse to believe that Congo is a heaven upon earth. The venture is to be called *New Africa*, and, with the support of the Free State behind it, should enjoy a long life if not a prosperous one. I



A MATTER OF BREEDING.

[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

paper that all the native inhabitants of the Forbidden City have been put to torture by order of the Commanding Officer. This procedure, so opposed to the genius of British administration, should lead to the immediate recall of the Mission and the degradation of all the parties chiefly concerned. The facts are undeniable. I read that, so soon as the occupation of Lassa was an accomplished fact, the General commanding ordered a section of the troops to proceed within earshot of the conquered Lamissaries and—play the bagpipes! It seems that some of these terrible instruments of torture accompanied the Mission. Small wonder, then, that we read of the Grand Lama's flight to a distant monastery, of the refusal of the natives to bring supplies, of the suffering and discontent that go hand-in-hand among the faithful Buddhists.

The Czar is so overjoyed by the arrival of the son and heir that he no longer has any doubt about the result of the Russo-Japanese War. Military experts, who have not had the advantage of this stimulus to the imagination, have had no doubts about the matter for weeks past. I see that the young Czarevitch has already assumed responsibilities. He is at the head of all the Cossack regiments, and several military

suppose that the English language may be made a vehicle for any propaganda, but one hopes that the defence of the Congo Free State will not be undertaken by Englishmen, however well the work may be paid. We have had evidence in plenty from men whose names and records command respect, and it is not likely that any avowedly partisan paper can upset the conclusions such evidence has made inevitable. If the administrators would endeavour to make a real New Africa out of the district that has suffered so long from their servants and agents, they would be undertaking a better task.

It is lucky that the Khalif of All Islam, His Victorious Highness Abdul Hamid II., Prince of the Faithful, does not suffer from a desire to see pretty things about his administration in print. If he were less Oriental in his ways, we might have a *Free Armenia*, issued from Yildiz Kiosk itself, with delightfully written articles designed to prove that the Christian subjects of the Padishah anticipate Paradise by living under Turkey's kindly rule. I have seen something of Turkish administration and of the Balkan troubles, and do not hesitate to say that it would not be hard to set down an excellent case for the Turk. But I would not like to be responsible for the work.



"A BACHELOR'S HOUSEKEEPING; OR, WAITING FOR THE CHARWOMAN."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



"TO AVOID THE BOTHER OF DAILY WASHING UP, IT IS MERELY NECESSARY TO MULTIPLY YOUR UTENSILS."

—AUTHOR OF "A BACHELOR'S HOUSEKEEPING" IN *T. P.'s Weekly*.

"WHAT A SUBJECT, TRULY, FOR A PATHETIC PAINTING—'WAITING FOR THE CHARWOMAN'!"—KEBLE HOWARD IN *The Sketch*.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

### THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

SOMEbody has written to me pointing out, very reasonably, that in my last week's remarks as to the stage I have taken an ultra-Cockney view. The truth of this I cannot deny, though I may only claim to be a Cockney on the French principle that the truest Parisians come from the country; for I happen to be Liverpool-born and did not come south till twelve years of age. In order to deal with the charge, I have been considering, in a rather second-hand way, the theatres outside the magic, rather artificially constituted circle of West-End theatres—artificial, since the classification is not really geographical, but may, indeed, be considered to some extent based on prices charged. It is rather absurd and unfortunate, too, that there is this fixity of prices in the West-End theatres. Probably several of the theatres could be run profitably in more senses than one of the word if the prices of places were reduced and if the public were to accept the reduction; but it is to be feared that snobishness would form a terrible impediment, for some people would hesitate to go or to take friends to stalls, say, at the Avenue, to see a comedietta and a three-Act farce or comedy at "popular prices," for fear of being charged with doing things "on the cheap." Yet, from an intelligible point of view, Mr. George Edwardes was justified in his complaint concerning the prices of stalls being identical to see two pieces the cost of production and of running one of which is four times greater than that of the other.

One element in the calculation of those who a comparatively short time ago were busy building large, handsome theatres in the suburbs was that the snobbish point of view could be avoided and that the public might have the pleasure of thoroughly well-mounted pieces at reasonable charges, for the complaint of Mr. George Edwardes that I have referred to shows that the charges are on no logical basis in the West-End theatres. Some of us hoped that, as a result, serious drama might find some local centres. Although for a while these new local houses flourished prodigiously, and it was considered that they would cut cruelly into the more pretentious houses—and perhaps they have—I see the announcement that the Grand Theatre, Fulham, is to be turned into a variety hall, and notice that it has but followed the example of six other of the comparatively new suburban houses. So it appears that the depression in strictly theatrical matters has not been closely centralised.

Now let me turn to non-West-End theatres, calling them, for convenience, the "minor theatres," and see what they show in the way of entertainment. I take the advertisements of the weekly bills from a Sunday paper noteworthy for the accuracy of its assertions of fact in relation to drama. I find twenty houses offering theatrical entertainments for the week beginning Aug. 15. Of these only two are playing musical comedy—the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, which presents "The Orchid" (the policy of permitting a representation within the bills of mortality of a piece still current at a West-End house seems disputable), and the Woolwich Grand Theatre, at which the musical version of "Kitty Grey" is given. At sixteen of the remaining eighteen, plays are given which, judging from my own knowledge, or from the description in the advertisement, I take to be melodramas. At the other two are offered, respectively, "Why Men Love" and "Why Woman Sins"—a quaint pair of titles suggesting some relation between the pieces. I fancy it may be presumed safely that one is a farce and the other a melodrama. Last week I referred to the fact that Mr. William Archer had announced the death of melodrama and farce, owing to the popularity of musical comedy, and suggested a doubt as to the accuracy of his opinion. Here is a curious contradiction of his views: seventeen melodramas and one farce out of twenty productions in London minor theatres,

and only two musical comedies! It may be worth while to consider for a moment the names and natures of some of these melodramas. First comes the perennial "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the thirteenth year of the particular production in question of this version of the famous, and some think infamous, novel. I have seen many versions, though not this one, I fancy, and none had any conceivable relation to art. Next or earlier should be named "The Shaughraun," certainly a masterpiece of its kind. Indeed, this work, like several others of Dion Boucicault, possesses, despite faults, many of them in a sense accidental, merits that will ensure popularity for long years to come. Even "W. A." would hardly exult in the death of melodrama if a Boucicault were writing it. Unfortunately, our present authors of standing hold aloof, and, in consequence of what, to me, seems a kind of snobbish gentility, the hope of working up from melodrama to drama, of which at one time there were signs, appears unlikely to be fulfilled. So long as the progress is merely at the top, it can hardly be regarded as real, unless, indeed, a line of cleavage is produced and a big enough bulk is left at the top to act as working drama for the land, and this can hardly be the case without a prodigious change in the financial system of the dramatic world most unlikely to occur. For it must be remembered that the element of country rights and suburban rights comes into account in all London productions, so, unless there are plenty of theatres in which to work these rights, there will be an impediment to the productions at the top.

Perhaps the third I should name is "The Two Orphans," one of the strongest of the older melodramas, and, in some ways, one of the best. I have referred to these three because they show that, out of

the seventeen, more than a sixth represent works that are many years old, and two, at least, of them exhibit in a fairly favourable light the public taste for plays which, now at any rate, do not depend for favour upon mechanical effects, but pure, rough, human dramatic force. Of the rest, several are well in their teens, such as "The Still Alarm" and "The Grip of Iron." None, to the best of my belief, represent sincere effort, even humble, at logical, probable drama, unless the pretentious "Sherlock Holmes" is to be considered an exception; but, whilst admitting that in workmanship it is probably superior to most of them, I can hardly pretend to be an admirer of the well-boomed play which once occupied the Lyceum Theatre. Yet the name of William Gillette recalls "Secret Service," one of the best of melodramas and decidedly successful.

These remarks necessarily involve an admission of ignorance of some works touched on; for instance, "a new sensational melodrama, 'A Modern Judas'"; "the great spectacular melodrama, 'Woman and Wine'"; "the thrilling domestic drama, 'The Midnight Mail'"; and "A Victim of Villainy": they may be dignified masterpieces, but I doubt. The result of studying the advertisement column is to show that, unless there has been a remarkable coincidence, the staple of the minor theatres is melodrama, and that they, too, find the strife for existence against the variety houses—particularly, I fancy, those that deal in "sketches"—is hard. The difference in wares between those they deal in and those offered by the fashionable theatres is considerable, but, even when considering them, one can hardly find food for exultation. The legitimate may be active among them, but it is humble, and one cannot assume that the advance in technique, noticeable in the West-End, which has apparently proved fatal to many works that would have been accepted ten years ago, has had any influence in the minor houses. One may well take a gloomy view of the situation, unless, indeed, outside Suburbia and Mayfair there exists some centre that may be regarded as giving legitimate grounds for hope.



MR. H. G. WELLS, WHO HAS WRITTEN A NEW PLAY FOR MR. JAMES WELCH.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE YOUNGER GENERATION: TWO PRETTY PLAYERS.



MISS JANE EYRE ONE OF THE BEAUTIES IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.



MISS MARGARET FRASER, WHO IS RAPIDLY COMING TO THE FRONT AS A COMEDY ACTRESS.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## THE BREEDING AND SHOOTING OF WILD-DUCK.

NO country in the world boasts a greater number of good shots than England, though, unfortunately for our sportsmen, owing to the smallness of this island and its great population it is impossible to enjoy such sport within our borders as that to be found in the extensive forests and on the broad stretches of water that exist in the larger European and Asiatic kingdoms and in the United States and Canada.

Still, in the late autumn enormous numbers of wild-duck find their way to our shores from Lapland, Greenland, and Siberia, whose rivers in the summer months are literally covered with them but at the

piles and surrounded by a protecting rail. When the guns have taken their places, some on the stands and some in punts, the birds are driven overhead, and, since they fly high and are strong on the wing, straight shooting and good weapons are necessary to bring them down. The Tring preserves are famous for the number and variety of their feathered inhabitants, and at one time pelicans were introduced and flourished exceedingly; but, notwithstanding the tradition of these birds and their "piety," they had to be banished, since they contracted the deplorable habit of gobbling up the young ducks.

Ducks are both easier and less expensive to rear than pheasants or partridges, since any waste or marshy piece of ground will serve, and they are very hardy. The storms and cold which kill off pheasants seem to suit the duckling admirably, and the phrase, "Just the weather for young ducks," has become almost a proverb. This applies even more to the wild than to the tame variety. Moreover, the young ducks do not wander, and come readily to hand at feeding-time.

Two methods of keeping the stock-birds are in vogue. In the first, they are allowed free range of a sheet of water with a margin of reedy ground in which to nest, and sometimes are even allowed to hatch out; but, in general, the eggs are collected and placed under foster-mothers. The second method is to confine them in roomy pens, where, their wings being pinioned, they are perforce compelled to remain. Here they make no nest, but deposit their eggs on the ground, whence they are collected and afterwards



THE WILD-DUCK AT HOME

first touch of frost the birds migrate south and seek other more or less hospitable shores, and a considerable number of these fall to the guns of British sportsmen on the shores of our East Coast.

The Wash offers some of the best sport for the punt-gun, and the hardy gunners of Norfolk face the severest weather in their frail craft to lie in wait for the unwary fowl. Cold is the principal discomfort to be feared, but, should a strong wind spring up, as happens not infrequently, an element of real danger enters into the sport. Even when waiting at night, near the sea-wall or on the adjacent marshes, for a chance shot at the flying birds, the lot of the gunner is not always a happy one, since the cold is sometimes so intense that anyone not an enthusiast would infallibly decide to go home to bed rather than endure it.

But the shooting of wild-duck is not always carried on under these uncomfortable conditions, for of late years it has so grown in favour that the birds are now bred for the sake of the sport. In the North of England enormous bags are sometimes made, and some two years ago, when the Prince of Wales was visiting Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia Graham, at Netherby, in Cumberland, more than a thousand wild-duck fell to eight guns in the course of a single day.

In the South of England the best shooting is probably that on the Rothschild estate at Tring Park. Here, in three extensive pools at the foot of the Chilterns, bounded on two sides by high artificial banks, and on the others by marshy meadows through which flow perpetual springs, the wild-duck find a temporary home, while many acres of flag-covered flats form an ideal place for their hunters. Most of the shooting, however, is done from behind screens of reeds erected at intervals across the lakes, the stands being formed of planks laid on



ITS NEST AND EGGS.

*Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.*

hatched out by foster-mothers, the domestic hen being usually entrusted with this task. When hatched, the young birds remain with their foster-mothers for a few days, but soon learn to fend for themselves, and may then be kept in any open space, wire netting a few inches high being quite sufficient to keep them within bounds. For the first month or so they are not allowed free range of the ponds, since they might stay too long and fall a prey to rats, these rodents having an inordinate fondness for young ducks as an article of diet. During the period of probation the young ducks are fed on "soft food," but when once allowed free range corn only is given, and for several weeks the birds leave the water and wend their way to "the Ride" at feeding-time; but each day the number grows less, for they have gone farther afield on lake, pool, or river, and found more food and grown wild and strong on the wing.



THE HOME OF THE WILD-DUCK.



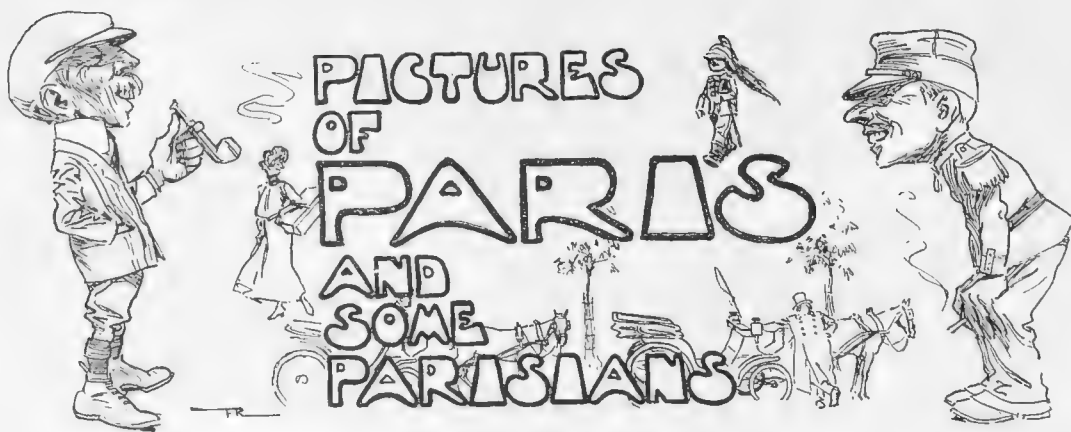
MEAL-TIME ON THE LAKE: CORN FOR THE YOUNG BIRDS.



MEAL-TIME IN "THE RIDE": A PROMISING LOT OF DUCKLINGS.

*Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted*





By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

## XI.—"THE ORDER OF THE BATH."

"YOU people," said the Vicomte, "who live not in your furniture" (the Vicomte meant, who patronised a hotel instead of taking a flat and furnishing it), "you people miss one of the excitations of the life of Paris. But hush then, *halte là*, they come!" And, with an opera-comical air of mystery, he drew us to one side.

The whole street wore an air of unusual excitement, and the New Yorker said that he had heard that the young King of Spain or Alfred Dreyfus, or some other European celebrity, intended passing through it, while Harold opined that there had been a fire.

Mademoiselle said nothing. She was busy making "goo" sounds to a baby in a more or less liquescent state and the arms of an olive-skinned and black-browed concierge, one of the few good-looking concierges of less than middle-age that I have ever seen in Paris.

"Tiens, tiens, Monsieur le Vicomte! Oui, mon trésor, Monsieur le Vicomte qui est venu nous voir, mon goolyoolyoo." And the small baby was dabbed at various portions of the Vicomte, who, it appeared, had lodged with Madame Concierge and who knew her very well. We have yet to discover any group of folks in Paris of whom somebody is not upon the small man's visiting-list.

"But what is going on here, anyway?" asked the New Yorker. And the Vicomte, who loved to teach our friend from overseas the truth about democracy, introduced him with a flourish of his flat-brimmed hat to Madame Concierge.

She waved the baby round him, crowed, and explained, "But it is a bath, Monsieur; and see, indeed, it comes!"



The Apparatus.

The idlers of the neighbourhood had surged out into the centre of the road, and there were so many of them that we quite wondered at the absence of police. There was a cheer from a small boy who had run down to the corner. "It comes, the bath!" cried Madame Concierge, putting back a wisp of black hair and munching one of baby's fists.

Somebody cheered, and four stalwart fellows in white flannel shirts, wearing, in addition to these and their trousers, an air of self-importance which was rather quaint, came up at the double, pushing and pulling a small trolley, on which were a bath, a small boiler, and several brightly burnished water-cans.

"Et voilà!" said the Vicomte. "Look, then, at them."

And we did look, with some surprise, for all four men were really clean, and none

of them appeared particularly proud, which is an unusual combination in Republican France.

"It is a bath, a bath hot, for the *deuxième*" (the second-floor) "of No. 96," the crowd repeats, with variations. And there is really quite a big crowd now, for some wag has put about the story that the bath is Harold's, and that he intends to take it *coram publico*. There is a notion prevalent in France that Anglo-Saxons have a form of hydrophilia, or water-mania, which makes it difficult for them to resist an opportunity for bathing under any circumstances.

"Come! Go there! Come, my friends, a little more of place, is it not so?" says the foremost of the bath-bearers, with authority, but not unkindly, and, kicking off their heavy shoes, they hoist the bath up on to their stalwart shoulders and go slowly up the stairs of No. 96, in state.

"Monsieur has seen? He, too, has been impressed?" whispered the pretty concierge at my elbow, and dabbed her beaming, olive-coloured face into the pasty baby's, telling him the glories of the function now in process on the second-floor, and promising him that he, too, should have a bath when his papa should win the *gros lot* in the Lottery.



She had no sympathy with crowds.

The idlers were really fairly fizzling with excitement, and looked as though they thought they might get clean by proxy. They stood round the trolley open-mouthed, examined the boiler and the water-cans, and every now and then detachments of them ran into the middle of the street to see if anything of interest were going on upstairs.

Presently something did happen. The large French-windows were opened by a smart-looking servant-girl, in cap and flowing streamers, with cherry-coloured bows on her dainty apron-bib. The crowd began to sing the "Marseillaise" in greeting, but Cherry-ribbons tossed her head and closed the outside shutters with a snap. She had no sympathy with crowds. She was one of the world's aristocracy, and, if not in the bath, close to it.

The men came down the stairs again, and filled the water-cans from the small boiler, while the crowd stood closely round and watched them. Some of the more enterprising offered bets of halfpence on the number of bucket-loads needed to fill a bath, but these were not accepted. One does not bet on wild uncertainties in Paris.

Twice were the cans filled, and twice carried up the stairs; and then the carriers sat down upon the kerb, and wiped their brows with red-and-blue checked handkerchiefs, for all the world like ordinary mortals who have earned a rest.

"We have the time," said one of them, whom his companions called "the Brigadier." "We have the time, for they are six in family up there. But, name of name, they must be rich! For every fifteen days, they tell me at the *caisse*, they are to have a hot bath. Think of it!"

Mademoiselle, who was most interested in the pretty concierge, had accepted her invitation to enter the loge. And we four men went off for a *vermouth cassis*.

When we came back again, the trolley with the empty bath was being wheeled away and the whole crowd escorting it down to the corner.

"I think," the Vicomte said, "you have no excitement of this kind in London."



# *Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.*

*By Frank Reynolds, R.I.*

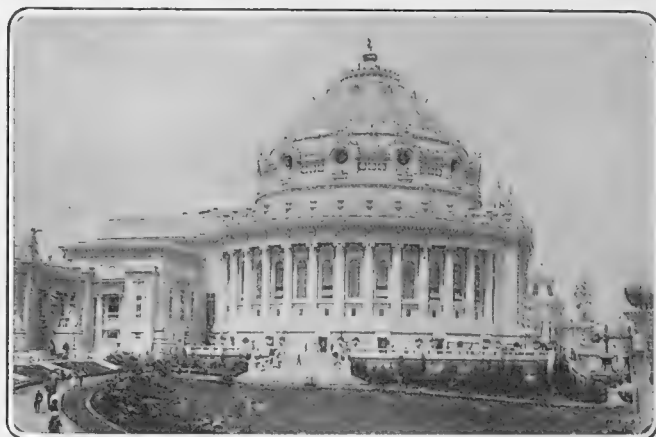


SEEN IN A CAFÉ.

## THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION: SOME PICTURESQUE BUILDINGS.



LOUISIANA MONUMENT AND PALACE OF MANUFACTURES.



FESTIVAL HALL.



CHINESE VILLAGE.



SWISS VILLAGE.



MEXICAN CAMP.



SAMAL MOROS VILLAGE, ON ARROWHEAD LAKE.



JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.



THE NAVAL EXHIBIT.

*Photographs by F. R. Gulline, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*



THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION: THE STREET OF AMUSEMENTS.



THE ENTRANCE.



THE TEMPLE OF MIRTH.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.



A TOY TRAIN.



FROM NEW YORK TO THE NORTH POLE.



THE CREATION.



UNDER AND OVER THE SEA.



HAGENBECK'S MENAGERIE.

*Photographs by F. R. Gulline, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

M<sup>R.</sup> CHARLES DE KAY, a very competent critic, has been reviewing the Whistler book published by Mr. Mortimer Menpes. Mr. De Kay points out that Mr. Menpes does not understand at all the relation of Whistler to French art. Take Degas, for instance, a painter who has many resemblances in his work to Whistler. When Mr. Menpes alludes to him, he calls him "Digars." One more interesting point about Whistler is his attitude towards women. In his relations of master to pupil, Whistler found himself occasionally in contact with ladies. Occasions occurred where a spirited young American girl, indignant at the supercilious criticism of the master, "talked back." While Whistler was not rude, he did not like this independence, and the young lady vanished from the class. There seems to be no doubt that Whistler's marriage was entirely successful. His wife was an old friend, the widow of his architect, and a woman of strong and placid temperament. Until she died she guarded and protected him like a spoiled child, as, indeed, in a certain way, he was a spoiled child. It was unfortunate for Whistler that his marriage to a woman of this kind took place so late in life. She could interpose between the artist and people who exasperated him, and prevent him from alienating his friends and well-wishers by that suspiciousness which was one of his weaknesses. Whistler managed to treat a great many people with whom he came in contact unfairly, and needed by his side a person who could quietly make him realise that others besides himself were to be considered.

Mrs. Atherton vivaciously attacks the editors of America. She considers that in two bound volumes of one of the three leading magazines the only redeeming feature was a few lines by Gelett Burgess. The stories were uniformly dull and ill-written. "The truth of the matter," goes on Mrs. Atherton, "is that we want new blood in the editorial chairs. The day for old fogies at the helm has passed in America. I am not now alluding to mere age, which in exceptional people has little to do with the mental attitude—except, indeed, to improve and broaden it. A man may be an old fogey at forty. But men who spend their lives on a cane-seated chair are more than sure to become old fogies and time-servers, and should be retired on a handsome pension. The country is full of brilliant young men, and they should be made use of before they, too, become old fogies." Editors must be affectionately warned to avoid cane-seated chairs, as these inexpensive and unornamental articles of furniture are evidently dangerous.

Mrs. Atherton thinks Mary Wilkins is the best short-story writer in America, "manifesting as she does more creative power and picturesqueness than Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Wharton (though not more art and intellect) and more brains than R. H. Davies." Mrs. Atherton's letters make very good copy.

General James Grant Wilson's book, "Thackeray in the United States," will be in two volumes and will contain facsimile letters, with pen-and-ink drawings by Doyle and Thackeray. Some of those will appear for the first time and show Thackeray's most characteristic and best work. There will be nearly one hundred illustrations in all, including about fifteen full-page Thackeray portraits by D'Orsay, Doyle, Leech, Maclise, and others. An interesting group of pictures is by Thackeray. This contains the twelve members of the British Royal Family, in which the head of each member is taken from an English stamp. It is not likely that General Wilson's book will exhaust the materials. The connection between Thackeray and

friends in the United States was far closer than is generally understood, but how far it may be wise to publish all the letters in existence is another question.

The indefatigable Mr. Baring-Gould has written "A Book of Ghosts," a title which speaks for itself.

The alleged discovery of a portrait of Dante in the archives of Bologna has attracted much attention. An illustrated brochure on the subject, written by Signor Livi, has been issued by the "Nuova Antologia" of Rome. It contains some details, and is said to be written with creditable care and modesty. Previously there had been three portraits of Dante which had been put forward by scholars as more or less authentic—made directly from the man in life or from sketches that had been made from life. The first of these is the portrait attributed to Giotto on the walls of the Bargello in Florence, and generally believed to have been painted about 1302. Then there is the portrait in the "Riccardian Codex," believed by some to have been executed in 1327. Finally there is the portrait by one of the Orcagne in the Strozzi Chapel of the Santa Maria Novella, Florence, which could not have been much earlier than 1350. There is much doubt as to whether Giotto painted the picture originally ascribed to him. It is probably by his favourite pupil, Taddeo Gaddi.

Dante, during his exile, wore a beard, and this fact may hardly have been regarded with sufficient care by the searchers after authentic portraits of the great poet.

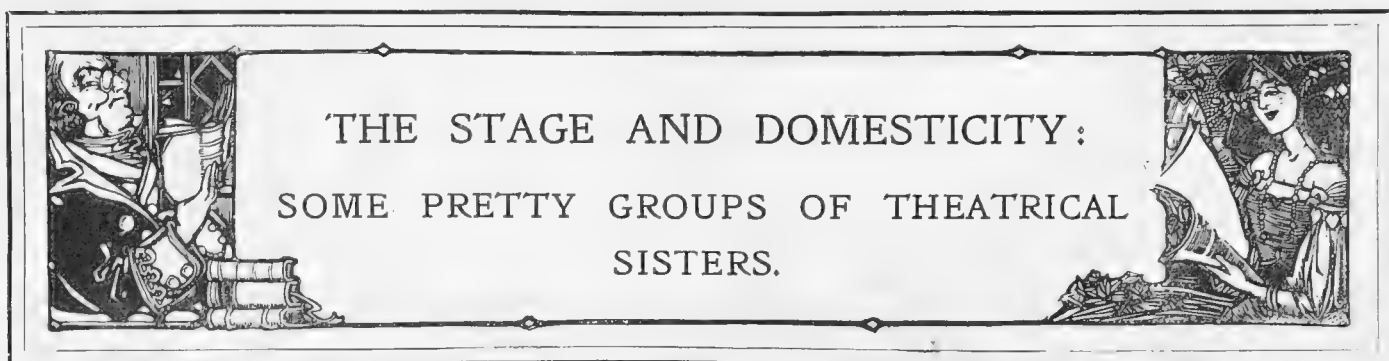
Mrs. C. N. Williamson, one of the authors of "The Lightning Conductor," is now in the United States. The story has been immensely popular in America. It is based on an actual trip made by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and the villain and hero of the story had their actual counterparts in real life. Mrs. Williamson is herself an American.

There is to be another magazine for book-lovers. It will appear quarterly and will contain 128 pages. The title is to be the *Rose Jar*, and the editor is Mr. Price, formerly the editor of the *Book Lover*. O. O.



RESEARCHES IN THE DANCE: VI.—THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STYLE.





THE MISSES ESMÉ AND VERA BERINGER.

*Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.*

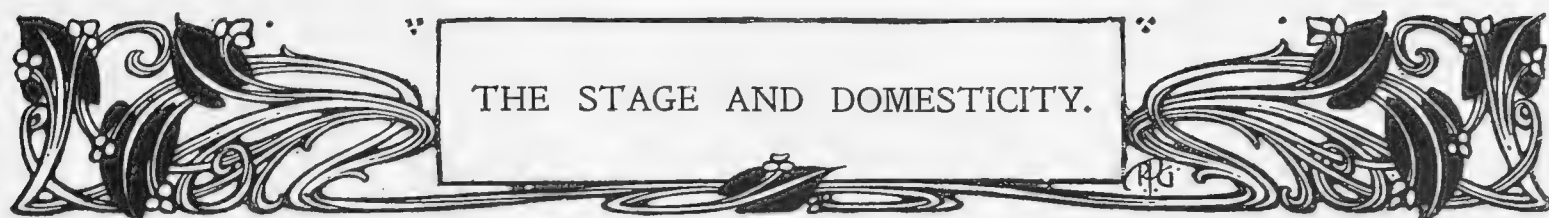
## THE STAGE AND DOMESTICITY.



THE MISSES DORIS AND BLANCHE STOCKER.

*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.*





THE MISSES NELLIE AND JESSIE LONNEN.

*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.*



EMPSIE.

NELLIE.

ISA.

MAGGIE.

THE MISSES EMPSIE, ISA, NELLIE, AND MAGGIE BOWMAN.

*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.*



## A MODERN OTHELLO.

By AMELIA PAIN.

IT is not, perhaps, quite kind to admit the great, cruel, harsh world into the innocent little secrets of "The Limes" (Kingsley Road, Surbledon), but it is necessary, in the cause of truth, to relate that on this particular evening—the evening that she never can forget—Mrs. Angus Frost was seated in the dining-room mending a vest of Dr. Angus Frost's (clearly *not* double-stitched in the wearing parts), with a marked post-prandial flush on her face, with a somewhat weary-looking blouse on her angular figure, and with her feet on a chair—feet that were encased in a pair of shoes that seemed to smile broadly up at her with the comfortable confidence of life-friends. On the floor beside her was a basket full of children's stockings, and a daily paper, which she would not have time to read. Behind her was the dinner-table, partially cleared. Why was she not in the drawing-room on the other side of the hall? Because the drawing-room was fireless. Why was it fireless? Because it was a rule at "The Limes" that the fire there was only lit for "company," and that for plain domestic purposes—a pipe, a nap, a disagreement or two—the dining-room, with its faint smell of mutton, mustard, and carpet, was good enough.

Of course, unexpected company, in the shape of a friend of the doctor's, had occurred occasionally; but then it was sure to be a smoking-jacketed friend, with a pipe and a cold drawing-room of his own, so that it didn't matter. To-night it seemed certain enough that absolute domesticity was assured—the Doctor out on a case of coachman's twins, the rain coming down in a sort of hopeless foreverness, the hour close on 9.30 by the black marble clock on the mantelpiece. Nothing seemed more unlikely than a visitor. So she came.

A desperate knock at the front-door; a protracted ring; then Jane's voice in the hall, drowned by another, higher and quicker. Then the opening of the dining-room door and the inrush of Lady Mary and cold air.

"Oh, Mrs. Frost!"

"My dear child!"

She really looked little more than a dear child, not very pretty, but very silly, with wide grey-green eyes and unconscious dignity and ridiculously expensive clothes (though, for the matter of that, Mrs. Frost called most people "dear child," doubtless because she had married a man ten years her junior).

"Oh, Mrs. Frost *dear*, do shut the door!"

Mrs. Frost shut the door quickly—greatly disappointing Jane, who had left it ajar for private reasons—and threw the vest (not double-stitched, &c.) behind the cushion of the arm-chair as she passed.

"What is it? No illness, I hope?" (The hope did credit to her tact.)

"Oh, no! Much worse. I'm *wretched*!" And, seated childishly on a footstool (an art trifle at eighteenpence), with her silly head in Mrs. Frost's skirt, Lady Mary told of the dreadful quarrel that had just taken place between her and her husband. What about? What was it ever and always about? Jealousy! Nothing but his absurd, senseless, groundless, blind, mad jealousy. Why hadn't she believed her people when they had told her what it would be to marry a foreigner? She had read about them in books, and she hadn't believed them either. But Carlo was wilder than any book ever written. Why, good Heavens! he had been jealous of the Doctor when she was ill. Think of it! One of these days he would kill her! She had been positively frightened of him just now, and she had done nothing—*nothing*!—only got a letter from an old friend—well, a man who had been silly enough to propose to her before she had ever dreamed of Italian singing-masters and elopements. And, naturally, she had refused to return the letter—and so on and so forth, through endless side-issues and tearful irrelevancies, to the final entreaty that Mrs. Frost might keep her here—would take her in and be kind to her—as she would never, never, never look at Carlo again as long as she lived; and Mrs. Frost was the best friend she had in beastly old Surbledon, and had been like a mother—she meant a sister—to her when she was ill, &c.

Poor Mrs. Frost was terribly puzzled as to what tactics to adopt. Sympathy, of course, and head-stroking, and all that; but to decide between harbouring an Earl's daughter for an indefinite period (which would, of course, mean the cancelling of the cook's notice to leave, if it meant nothing more), or inducing her to return at once to her husband, was not an easy matter. To her credit be it said that she decided on the latter. And she was rewarded by a flat refusal. Go back to Carlo then and there? She would rather die! If Woburn Hall hadn't been at the other end of the map, she would have run home to her own people for good and all that minute. But oh! she was *so* alone, Mrs. Frost *couldn't* refuse to take her in, if only for one wretched, solitary night, could she? And poor Mrs. Frost finally waived everything excepting her fundamental snobbery, and tucked her up in the arm-chair in front of the fire, whilst she hurried off to send the stable-boy with a diplomatic note to Othello, and to see to the spare-room.

She lit the fire there with her own hands, whilst Jane tore down to the kitchen with sheets to air; but, alas, the fire refused to burn up. Volumes of smoke rolled into the room, for all the world as if it had been required for an ordinary plebeian, but very little mounted the chimney. Everything that brown paper and ingenuity could do was

done, but in vain. There was nothing for it. Lady Mary must have their room, and she and the Doctor must have the spare-room for to-night, and to-morrow the sweeper must come and sweep till that chimney chimed or knew the reason why. It would not be necessary to mention all this to Lady Mary. She had no luggage, and would therefore require no cupboard or drawer accommodation, and the removal of a few domestic trifles, with the addition of clean linen, would make everything look right. Jane would help cheerfully, under the circumstances.

So she did, and in half-an-hour all was ready for her Ladyship, who added the last touch to her rôle of spoiled child by appearing sublimely unconscious of having caused any trouble whatsoever. She sailed into the spurious spare-room as if it had belonged to her from time immemorial, and there fell asleep, thinking, as usual, solely and simply of herself and her own affairs, whilst Mrs. Frost, having thought of everything for her guest, down to a tin of macaroons by her bedside, sank back in the dining-room chair and awaited the return of the stable-boy.

"If you please, Ma'am, Mr. Devalli weren't in, but I left the note," was the message which this youth brought back, and Mrs. Frost felt that nothing more could now be done till the Doctor returned and gave further advice.

She would sit up for him, of course, and explain matters as soon as he got in. He might be late. She put on a little more coal, took up her darning again, and allowed her mind to wander round the problem of Lady Mary's domestic future. The house grew still and stiller. The cat got into the fender for more warmth. The rain rained. The clock struck ten. It may have struck even more subsequently, but Mrs. Frost heard it not, for, with her feet on the chair again, and her mouth ajar, and the vest (not yet darned in the wearing parts) in her lap, she had fallen fast asleep.

The lamp, seeing that there was no further use for it, went out.

She was awakened by a knock at the front-door. But for the glimmer from the fire, she would have had trouble to realise her whereabouts, for she had been in the midst of wild dreams.

"Angus, of course," was her first thought. "Forgotten his latch-key, silly boy."

She stumbled into the hall to let him in. Only it wasn't him. It was Carlo Devalli, his face a study in black and white, his voice trembling in spite of obvious efforts to subdue it to British requirements and to explain lucidly that he had only just received Mrs. Frost's "kinde notte," as he had been to London, thinking to find his wife at her sister's in Eaton Place, that he had hurried home as quickly as possible, and had immediately come on here to thank her, and to see Mary.

Again Mrs. Frost's tact was strained to its limits. His wife, she assured him, was quite safe, and probably asleep by now, and would doubtless forget this unfortunate little—er—difference, and come home in the morning after the Doctor had had a little talk with her. Unfortunately, he had been out all evening; was still out. She was waiting for him.

But the distracted Italian could brook no thought of delay. He must see her now—immediately. Asleep? How could she be asleep with this misery on her mind? The remorse she must be suffering for all she had said to him! And he himself? Could he sleep with his brain on fire and his heart broken? He would go up now, this moment, with her kind permission, and speak what was in his mind, and in the morning he would come again, and fetch home his wife, and thank the Doctor and her for their kindness.

So Mrs. Frost must needs give in. "Only go as quietly as you can, please, as Tottie and Millie sleep in the room opposite, and Millie has been *so* troubled with her teeth lately. Up those stairs, and the first door on your left. Yes. I wouldn't wake Mrs. Devalli if she *is* asleep; but do as you think best, of course, and please don't thank me. Here's the candle."

He took the candle, looking blacker and whiter than ever under its suggestive flicker, and went softly up the stairs, on the tips of his small feet.

He listened for a moment outside the door indicated, then gently, very gently, turned the handle and went in. At the same moment the door of the dressing-room at the other side of the bedroom was opened as gently, and the Doctor (who had come in with his latch-key, unheard by man or beast, twenty minutes before, and had crept noiselessly upstairs) entered as softly. For a moment he stood there, candle in hand, pink flannel stripes all over him, and the cry of "Burglars!" frozen on his lips.

And then the Italian gave one jungle-roar and went for him.

To make Carlo Devalli believe anything approaching the truth was no child's-play, and took almost as long as it took the Doctor to recover the use of his right eye. But he is a shade more occidental now in his treatment of his wife, from a sense, no doubt, of apology, and has lived not only to realise his phenomenal good luck in having kept the basement out of the story, but also to present Mrs. Frost with a splendid stove for the spare-room.

THE END.

*Holiday Types. By Dudley Hardy.*



VI.—PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER (*to disappearing friend*): Don't move! This is the very thing for the *Daily Murderer*.



*The Latest Street-Song. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin.*



"WON'T YOU COME HOME, BILL BAILEY?"

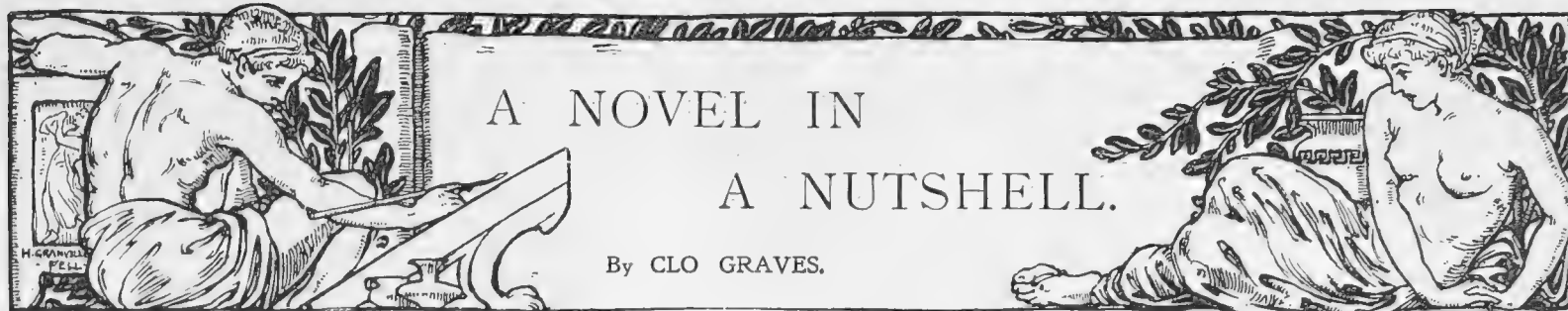
## THE CYNIC AT THE SEASIDE.



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.





## THE ART THAT CONCEALS HEART.

THERE was a little difficulty on the down-line in connection with a railway-chair (placed upon the metals by an experimentally minded wayfarer) and a reversed goods-engine. Consequently the passengers from the "Northern Rusher" were decanted, for the time being, into the Dullboro' Slow Express. They would leave the train at Clinkhorn Junction, the guard of the Slow Express had explained when asking people to overlook a little crowding.

We were fairly comfortable in our compartment, the Nice-looking Couple and my Noble Self. They had a corner and I had a corner, and a Spinster Lady of evidently severe morals and unbending rigidity sat in the middle of a seat. No corners for her, her glance implied. Three of us had lunched, cheerfully, out of baskets containing chicken, salad, claret, and French rolls; the Spinster Lady had eaten egg-sandwiches out of a tin box and drunk something out of a bottle from her dressing-bag, which, judging from the pale-amber hue of the liquid, might possibly have contained sherry.

The male moiety of the Nice-looking Couple glanced at me sympathetically, as though he guessed how the cigarette-case in my pocket was asking to come out. His own cigar-case, a yellow leather receptacle like a young courier's valise, manifested similar restlessness. His wife exchanged a smile with him as he glanced at the rigid form and pale-violet features tipped with pink belonging to the Spinster Lady. Then we looked out of the window at the "Northern Rusher" disgorging its load. The window opposite us was ticketed "Reserved," and I had just begun to wonder idly what the people might be like for whom the compartment had been rendered sacred, when a perspiring porter tore open our door and began to bombard us with bags, hold-alls, and dressing-cases. I had only time to notice that all these things were shiny with excessive newness, when their owners followed. They bore the same brand, from head to foot, of a newness affecting not only their garments and accessories, but their mutual relations.

The Nice-looking Couple smiled furtively, the stony Spinster Lady became stonier, and I was conscious of a gentle, titillating interest as I gazed upon the two souls so recently fused in one. That is, I gazed upon the bodies and conjectured the souls, which, judging by externals, were in admirable condition. Neither of them turned a hair under our united observation, and both would have denied upon oath, if questioned plumply, having seen a Bishop lately. They selected opposing corners and settled themselves with deliberation. She wore the kind of costume that everyday young women are wont to do their railway-travelling in—shimmering pearl-grey, with a white cloth cape trimmed with feathers, and a three-cornered hat apparently composed of cobwebs, diamond-pins, and Parma violets. She carried a great bunch of these fragrant flowers. Her hair was a little disordered on one side, and the corresponding cheek was much pinker than the other. But She was frigidly calm. Too calm, if anything.

He wore a suit of tweeds; but what tweeds! His light-brown billycock hat was an idyl. His collar was a dream, his necktie a tone-poem, his boots the agonising acme of perfection. Only upon his wedding-day could a man wear such boots without knowing that they were there. His hair shone, not with pomade, but with a conscientious valet's grooming. His faultless parting, his straight, clean-cut features, his bronze moustache, slightly waxed, the white, well-kept hand from which He had drawn the tan glove, his whole personality exhaled the subtle fragrance of health and youth and high breeding. The modesty of his black-pearl tie-pin, the delicate reticence of his slender watch-chain, the studied simplicity of his single ring, were set at naught by the garish and discrepant splendour of a pair of ruby, sapphire, and diamond cuff-links. I did not hesitate for an instant; I knew they were a wedding-present from Her. Her Christian-name—the clamant repetition of her initials upon her dressing-bags and jewel-cases forced the knowledge on me—her Christian-name began

with "S." Did "R. S. D." stand for "Remember Sara, Dear"? I felt quite conceited of the pretty fancy.

Meanwhile, the Nice-looking Couple were making their own observations, and the Spinster Lady, judging by the heightened pinkness of her more salient facial angles, felt the delicacy of the situation keenly. I saw her with a rapid glance assure herself that the lamp in the compartment-roof was burning before she consulted her railway-map to ascertain the number and length of the tunnels that lay before us. She was not to be taken in by the ostentatious coolness of the guilty parties.

I must say they did it very well—that is, considering. When She snuggled into her corner and feigned to be immersed in the middle of an uncut novel—"The Beanfield," by John Thomas Grubbs—He could not restrain a glance of approval. When He got all the papers round him, and, opening the largest, held it steadily before him; She glowed with admiration: it was so like a husband of at least a twelve-month's standing. There was a flaring account of a wedding, running down a column and three-quarters, which I felt must have been very much like their own. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Lyddleton Hyghlow, of the Auld Reekie Lowlanders, had been married to Miss Constance Eugenia Custerson, I read. The sacred edifice was gay with April blossoms, and the sacred ceremony had been performed by the Bishop of Banbury in cope and mitre, assisted by a Dean and the Vicar of Knobhall-Boddingley, uncle to the bride, whose train had been carried by three little boys, while the eight bridesmaids were— In my anxiety to read about the bridesmaids, I was at first merely annoyed by the hiatus, without seeking to account for it. Then I became aware that there was a hole in the newspaper, and that the supposed reader was peeping through it at his *vis-à-vis*. I wonder the inflammable paper did not scorch, so incandescent was the eye that looked through.

She must have felt it, for she shut the uncut novel.

"When is this wretched train going to start?" She asked, in the coolest of level tones, for the Dullboro' Slow Express was still panting by the platform.

"Week or so," said He, looking over his paper with really glacial indifference.

"There is, I fancy," said the male moiety of the Nice-looking Couple, "plenty of time to spare at Dullboro'. Have you seen this?"

He offered an afternoon paper. I knew, by the languid indifference with which He accepted and ran his eye over a particular page, that an account of their marriage was condensed into a paragraph. "During the afternoon," I imagined, "the happy pair left for the North, Whilliewha' Castle, Perthshire, having been lent by the bride's uncle, Lord Howtowdie, for the honeymoon." I did hope they would not find the Castle damp. Would there be a triumphal arch? And would the local Fire Brigade and Band of Hope unite in drawing the carriage?

But She was discussing literature with the Nice-looking Lady. She was so very much interested in "The Beanfield."

"It is so poignant," She said, "and so bitterly true." She quoted a brilliant bit—I had seen it on the very first page: "Waterboom loved Prudentia. This was Nature. Prudentia appeared to love Waterboom. This was Art." And again: "There was a streak of common-sense under her wayward, fanciful, pleasure-loving nature, as there lay a vein of coal under her cowslipped meadows in Bunkumshire. She was not aware of one or the other, but she might be better for both some day."

The male half of the Nice-looking Couple, wearing a suppressed smile, had got the companion of this fair critic on a subject of strong interest, that of the Insanitary Park Dossier.

"But the poor beggar is trundled about by the police all night," said the young man in the beautiful tweeds. "Got to sleep somewhere

and somehow, y' know. And one can always pay a penny for a clean green chair." His eye caught the glance of his companion. He added, as though involuntarily, "Two green chairs." She gave him a warning frown, and He reddened and began to hum "The Voice that Breathed," *bouche fermée*—

"The Voice that breathed o'er Eden  
That earliest wedding-day—  
Ti-tum-ti—"

"Jack!" she breathed, in an agony of reproach.

He started violently and blushed. Even the forage-cap Rubicon upon his brow was swamped by the guilty crimson, the whiteness of his parting was dyed. We all looked somewhere else. The Spinster Lady alone refused to relieve him of her icy glare. The Dullboro' Slow Express came to the rescue by slowly dashing out of the station. He leaned back and shut his eyes—apparently, that is. The Pearl-grey Vision looked at him, first coldly, then appreciatively; then such undisguised adoration brimmed in her beautiful eyes and mantled in her rose-flushed cheeks that he could pretend no longer. His look was a hug of such ardour that she sank back into her corner and hid behind "The Beanfield." The author of her confusion then turned to me and said that the country looked rather dry. Contemplating the moist, baggy clouds and the squashy landscape, I agreed with him. The rivers would be low and bright, he said, compelling the angler to have recourse to a Stuart tackle and a bunch of worms. I agreed again. He opined that a spate might put things right again. I thought it very probable. "Much fishing to the pair of you!" I added, mentally, engaging to eat, single-mouthed, at one repast, the whole of the first week's catch. I looked at Her as she leaned her elbow on the window-ledge and stared out over orchards bridal with white blossoms, and hurdle-enclosed nurseries full of grave, responsible ewes, and tiny, staggering lambs. I glanced back at Him and intercepted a glance of passionate proprietorship. This was, perhaps, why He remarked, with an easy, *blasé*, indifferent air—

"I tell my wife that women are out of place among the stubbles, on the moors, in the huntin'-field, and so forth. Three women in the field spoil the best run—in my opinion." She telegraphed approval. "Behind a gun the smartest woman looks ineffective, and if you wipe her eye she loses her temper." There was a dimple in the cheek that was studiously turned away. "As for racin', which are the most popular events? Not Ascot or Goodwood—both of 'em ladies' days. In a boat on a loch I don't say a woman is at her worst. She can sometimes cast a fly, and, though she makes a fuss about a man's gaffin' a fish, she'd do it herself, I believe, rather than lose him." A vision of a bride in a boat, with a background of moor and mountain, a Tam-o'-Shanter on her beautiful hair, and a greenheart salmon-rod stoutly gripped in two little gloved hands, rose up before me. Perhaps He saw the picture, too, for he stopped abruptly. Then She looked round.

"You remember that summer in Norway—five years ago—when we were on our honeymoon?"

She uttered this palpable invention with so calm an air that the Nice-looking Couple regarded her with frank admiration, and the stony Spinster, as we happened to be entering a tunnel, clutched a religious emblem she wore upon her snaky watch-guard and held it in a death-grip until we were fairly out again.

"Ahem, yes!" agreed He. "When we were on our honeymoon."

"We were trolling," pursued She, "for sea-trout with the artificial minnow in the Eskdaal Fjord"—was ever so palpable a bait cast before any trout as this figment of a honeymoon five summers old offered to us?—"and the canoes leaked"—Her eyes were full of mischief—"and I had brought a sponge, and you had not. Did you consider me, as a woman, not exactly at my worst when I lent you mine to bale with?"

"I looked upon you in the light of a Guardian Angel," replied He of the lovely tweeds and the exquisite boots.

She pretended to sigh.

"The glamour of the honeymoon—if there is any glamour about a honeymoon—had not yet worn off."

"The Guardian Angel had not unmasked to appear," said He, "in the light of a tormenting—"

"Fiend?" She suggested.

"Sprite," amended He.

We pretended not to be listening, though every ear, in defiance of good manners, was carefully pricked. He fell into the trap, saying in an undertone—

"Wonder how they're getting over the day, don't you?"

A tear gleamed on her eyelashes. "Yes; particularly mother"

A man feels affection for his mother-in-law once, and once only, after he becomes her son-in-law.

"Dear mother!" said He.

"She looked so"—She gulped—"so nice just as she said good-bye."

"Particularly nice—at that moment," said He.

"Ella and Haidée and the others were so enchanted with the . . . you know?"

His eye said, "Locketts." His lips said, "Umbrellas!"

"With the—umbrellas—of course," She dimpled.

"Did I get into an awful hat when I got up to—you know?" His tone was cautious.

"To speak your piece? . . . No. I thought you got over it wonderfully well. Everybody said so," said She.

He had caught the glassy eye of the Spinster Lady. He frowned and bit his lip. "These things have to be done," He said, "and nobody ever does them decently. You remember, seven years ago"—the Spinster started violently—"when *we* were married, what a fearful mess I made of returning thanks?"

"But you weren't as bad as Billy Bennet," said She, "who could only say grace—'For what we have this day received, may,' &c., &c."

"Or the time-honoured Other Man who hoped to meet everybody again on many identical occasions," said He.

"Perhaps he was a Mormon," She suggested, "in which case the invitation would not have been out of place." She looked at her watch, an exquisite thing with a diamond "S" upon the back. He bent over and looked too.

"Eighteen minutes more before we get to Clinkhorn Junction, where we change into a decent-going train." He sighed and his eye brightened. "I tipped the guard a sovereign to reser—"

"S-sh!" She interposed, reddening and paling. "Isn't that lovely?" She pointed at random to a huge array of signs adorning a bleak field and setting forth the desirability of purchasing Sudson's Soap and Carter's Little Kiddie Pills in letters six feet long. "You remember—when we started on our wedding-trip—ten years ago—?"

"Ten years ago! By Jove!" said He, as the Spinster Lady closed her eyes in horror. "It might be this morning." We all internally agreed with him. "How time does fly!" He said, hypocritically; "Most extraordinary!" and stooped over to look at that silly little watch again, and their hands got mixed. There was an incandescent, volcanic silence, and then I heard him whisper, hungrily, "Take off your glove!"

"Oh!" She hesitated and glanced at us. We were cold, unobservant images—the counterfeit presentiments of a Nice-looking Couple, a Spinster Lady, and Me—modelled, for choice, in Portland cement. He said again, "Take off your glove!" in the voice of a master, and She obeyed in haste. Off came the glove, and with it a circle of shining dewdrops and a ring of new, red gold, and, as they leaped into the air and tinkled on the floor of the railway-compartment, both, with a simultaneous impulse of recovery, stooped—and lo, a torrent of rice! A three-cornered hat of the new shape will comfortably accommodate half-a-pint, the brim of a billycock nearly a tablespoonful. The symbolical grains hopped and skipped upon the carpet; the detected bride and the unmasked bridegroom blushed, thrice confounded. Then we laughed consumedly, each and all of us. Even the severe Spinster was compelled to giggle. Under these mirthful conditions we arrived at Clinkhorn Junction.

"You did it remarkably well," said the male half of the Nice-looking Couple; "but when it came out that you had been married for five years—"

"Seven," said I.

"Ten," suggested the Spinster.

"For twenty-two years," amended the Nice-looking Gentleman, "my wife and I, who have been married for precisely that length of time, thought your manner towards each other—pardon me!—a little too distant to be quite natural."

We laughed and waved as they left us and got into their reserved carriage. The complete account of their marriage I read in the *Daily Wire* of the following morning. Sybil was her name. That is why He loves his love with an "S."







# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE influence of the stage has been discussed from so many points of view that it would seem impossible to find a new one.

Yet its influence, or rather, the influence of the leading actors, on the work of the black-and-white artists has been very great of late. It has been a subject on which we have lately been talking in such of the Green-rooms as happen to be open at the present time. Sir Henry Irving, with his striking personality, is the actor most frequently represented, however unconsciously on the part of the artist, while in one of the popular magazines Mr. Forbes-Robertson may almost have sat for the illustration of the leading character of a certain story, and Mr. Cyril Maude is frequently used for the type of well-groomed, well-dressed man. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, whose facial and even physical appearance changes with each part, is, for this obvious reason, less used than his colleagues.

There is a striking note in the policy of Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude which even the true lover of the theatre has hardly sufficiently noticed. This is their determination to make the one-Act play with which they have now for so long begun the evening bill an integral part of their entertainment—not something to be added so as “to peize the time, to eke it and to draw it out,” to use the words of Portia which Miss Ellen Terry always speaks with such a charming sense of their possibilities, but something to be done because it is worth doing and doing well. For this reason they devote as much care and consideration to the curtain-raiser as they do to the chief piece, and they find their reward in the way in which the theatre fills up to see the first item on the programme. Incidentally, too, their good work is helping new authors. This time it is Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose well-known short story, “That Brute, Simmons,” has been turned to the purpose of the stage, just as last season Mrs. M. E. Francis’s “The Widow Woos” was used. The many admirers of Mr. Morrison’s skill as a novelist will wish him no little success in his new departure.

Although Miss Ada Reeve must of necessity be the bright particular “star” in any Company in which she appears, she has resolved that during her season—which, as already announced in *The Sketch*, will begin at the Criterion on Thursday of next week—the strongest possible Company shall be seen with her. To this end Miss Dora Barton and Miss Dolores Drummond have been engaged, and so have Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Farren, and Mr. Henry Vibart, the last-named of whom has been acting the leading part in “Winnie Brooke, Widow,” since its production.

Mr. H. V. Esmond had, some little time ago, almost definitely decided that he would not act any more, but devote himself entirely to writing for the stage. That so good an actor should be lost to the exercise of his profession would have been a cause for regret on the part of the playgoer. Mr. Lewis Waller may, therefore, not only congratulate himself, but be congratulated on having persuaded Mr. Esmond to accept an engagement at the Imperial Theatre, where he will appear as King Charles II. in “The Master of the King’s Company,” which Mr. Waller will produce later in the autumn, and in which, as previously announced, Miss Evelyn Millard will make her reappearance.

That this promised reappearance of Miss Evelyn Millard has been a matter of considerable interest has been shown by the references to the supposed date of her last appearance. Many of the theatrical writers, indeed, have assumed that she has not acted since her marriage, some four years ago, an event which was duly chronicled and illustrated in *The Sketch* at the time. It is strange that Miss Millard’s singularly beautiful performance of Francesca in “Paolo and Francesca,” at the St. James’s Theatre in the early part of 1902, should have been forgotten, or her engagement at the Haymarket in Captain Marshall’s “The Unforeseen,” which was produced only eighteen months ago.

The accuracy of the newspaper-writers may be regarded as unimportant, but in the Green-room it has been furnishing us with conversation on a related subject which we regard as of greater

moment in the little world behind the scenes. This is the way in which the age of popular players is exaggerated quite unconsciously and without any malicious intention by the public. It tells with particular hardness on a woman who has been lucky enough to make her success at a very early age. When she is talked about, as she frequently is, people are sure to say, “Why, I remember her when I was quite a boy (or girl, as the case may be), and she was grown-up then. She must be getting on for fifty.” As a matter of fact, the chances are that the actress thus discussed is probably well under thirty-five. Indeed, curious as it may seem, it has been said that, after a player has been popular for ten years, every five years on the stage is worth anywhere from ten to fifteen years in the non-theatrical estimate of her age. Miss Millard’s case offers a singular confirmation of this fact, for, although it is only some fifteen months since she was last seen, the writers of gossip have multiplied it by three and made it four years.

The dramatic possibilities of Mr. W. B. Maxwell’s remarkable novel, “The Ragged Messenger,” must have struck most people who, induced by the criticism which appeared in *The Sketch* a few weeks ago, read the story. Those possibilities evidently struck certain writers of plays who have desired to present them on the stage. Mr. Maxwell has, however, not only realised the dramatic possibilities, but has himself made a stage version of the book which, it is hoped, will be produced before long. In spite of the painful nature of the story, which is a purely modern tragedy, it is so vital and so full of drama that it cannot fail to appeal not only to those who are interested in the theatre, but also those to whom a strong story handled in an interesting and vivid manner appeals.



MISS ROSIE EDWARDS, PLAYING IN “THE EARL AND THE GIRL” AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

# KEY-NOTES

THE London slack season still continues—and continues to do no harm. There are no hesitations or pauses about a musical season in London; with the exception of Promenade Concerts and Sunday League Concerts, London is now a musical blank; but, in the twinkling of an eye, like the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, comes the sound of music gathering from all parts. At the present moment, it is to the Continental towns that the Muse has winged her way. There is no more melancholy sight than the blank walls of Covent Garden Theatre in Bow Street when there is no preparation for any sort of function progressing within. The Fancy-Dress Balls, one supposes, will be the next move on that board; but these are not within the province of the present writer, even from the musical point of view.

Bayreuth has opened the doors of her theatre to the gilded multitude. But, for some reason or other, one cannot look upon Bayreuth save in the light of a nest that has been despoiled, since America insisted upon Copyright Laws and produced "Parsifal" at New York. Whatever one may think of "Parsifal" in the States, at all events its very production there steals an honour, an unique honour, from the little hill-town of Bavaria. It is too soon to attempt to prophesy how the matter will finally settle down, and whether or not Bayreuth will suffer from the American production; for the moment, the two forces seem to go on their own way without further trouble.

The present writer has just received a message from Bayreuth announcing the most recent performance of "Parsifal" as being excellently good. One gathers that there was not, perhaps, sufficient energy shown in certain parts of the interpretation, but I confess that I was surprised to hear that the Flower Maiden Chorus was "perfect." The present writer has seen "Parsifal" a fair number of times, but in no case has he been rewarded with anything but utter disappointment in this particular portion of the music-drama. Not even the mystery and beauty of all the rest of the work have reconciled me to the gaudy nymphs of a gaudy garden, the colour whereof was as smoke to the eyes. The change must have been great indeed.

Music as it is played by various itinerant bands has been much discussed, has often been weighed in the balance, and has usually been found wanting; in such a statement one always excepts military bands, simply because the excellent training which they undergo naturally has its own fine results. But have many people often noticed what excellent quality many of the Salvation Army Bands possess? Of course, there are great differences with different bands; but the average is particularly high. Take so distant a place from London as Jersey, and there you will find a Salvation Army Band which certainly touches the average of some amongst our finest military bands. They play in time, with true martial spirit, and with an enthusiasm which always seems newly-bred. There are some London bands of the same organisation which are feeble in the extreme; but there may be a thousand reasons for this; the fact remains that the big "Army" Bands really do splendid technical work. If only they could be persuaded to play music worthy of their—brass, then to hear them would be an artistic pleasure. But hymns seem separately set apart for trashy music.

Who does not remember the songs of yester-year, and of many another former year, with a half-comic sensation that once we ourselves thought these things modern, these songs that perished in the midst of their apparent popularity, were put away, and, to all intents and purposes, were never heard of more? In the day's work they are dead; they have no further career on the barrel-organ; the popular singer of the music-hall has learned another tune; they are shovelled under a dust-heap of ancient memories. Then, perhaps, you take a holiday miles from London. It is the custom, let us say, in order to while away time after dinner, to have "a little music." Ah! what a procession of musical ghosts pass in train, still modern in a far-away little town! Songs that were in the days of our grandfathers popular and universally hummed, but which have fallen to the lot of outworn faces, are sung by a prize tenor and regarded as fresh, and still as matter for mild controversy; they return to a galvanised kind of life, and all the time they are mimicking modernity. But modernity has a knack of getting out of the way quickly enough, and to-day's songs are preparing to join the grisly procession.

The Gloucester Musical Festival is the first in the season's lists of Autumn Festivals. Sir Edward Elgar is to be represented by his "Apostles" and by an excerpt from "The Dream of Gerontius." Sir Hubert Parry is contributing a new work, the name of which (at the time these words are written) is as yet unpublished. Mr. Brewer, who is, of course, the organist of the Gloucester Cathedral, and will conduct the Festival, will produce a work of his own, "The Holy Innocents," to which one will look forward with considerable interest. As is becoming to a right and meet Festival, the bindings, so to speak, will be Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Handel's "Messiah," the former beginning, the latter concluding the Festival.

It is to be noted that the soloists engaged are Madame Albani, Madame Emily Squire, Madame Sobrino, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. John Coates, Mr. William Green, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, and Mr. Plunket Greene. Where, one asks, however, in some astonishment, is the name of Mr. Andrew Black, most faithful of Festival singers? Is he not even to sing in "The Apostles"? Or is he to be at Blackpool? COMMON CHORD.

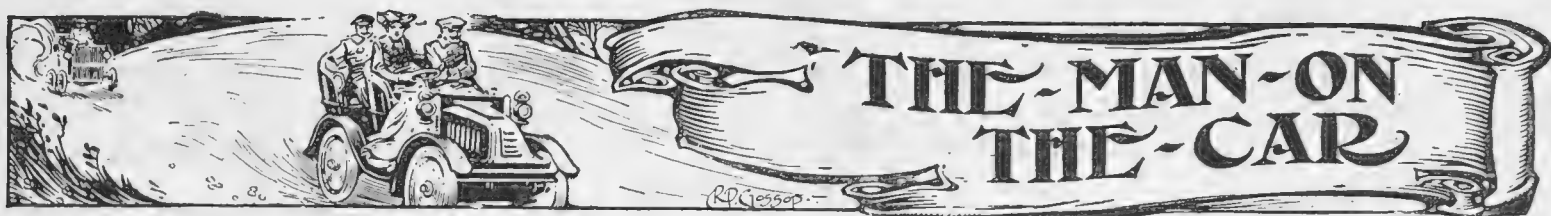


MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE FINE CONTRALTO NOW TOURING THE PROVINCES WITH MADAME ALBANI.

Photograph by Beresford.

The motor-car as the modern representative of the cart of Thespis, offering the facilities of speed which are essential to the theatrical life of to-day, has progressed from a possibility to a reality. It thus enables the "stars," who are motorists to a man—and woman—to combine pleasure with business. A notable instance of this was furnished by Mrs. Lewis Waller, who, having just returned from a prolonged holiday-tour on the Continent, has begun her tour with "Zaza" at the Gaiety Theatre, Douglas. She motored up to Liverpool in the fine new car which she has purchased at a cost of a thousand pounds. Mrs. Waller's present tour will be productive of two new works, for she has determined to do a new play by Mr. Arthur Shirley in October at Manchester, and in the following month she will produce in London another play by M. Berton, which he believes will have an even greater success than "Zaza" has enjoyed.





*Reliability Trials—Boats—The Kent Club—"Road Hogs."*

NEXT Monday, from Hereford as a centre, will begin the 1904 Small-Car Reliability Trials arranged by the Automobile Club. The cars will run twenty-five miles out and home between breakfast and lunch, and another fifty miles in a similar way between lunch and dinner, an arrangement which will serve every good purpose and will prove much less onerous for those officially concerned than the conditions that have obtained upon previous occasions. The entries at time of writing number thirty-six in all and are divided into four classes, Class A being for cars declared at a selling price of £125 or less, Class B at more than £125 and not more than £150, Class C at more than £150 and not more than £175, and Class D at more than £175 and not more than £200. The classes, therefore, graduate in steps of twenty-five pounds, and within the limits of one or other of them the much-discussed "man of moderate means" should be able to meet his automobile fate. The foreign entry is small enough to gratify the most patriotically minded; indeed, the British constructors show some signs of making the small-car market their own. Two French and three Yankee cars are the only aliens, amongst the last-named being a 7 horse-power Oldsmobile in Class B and one of the new 10 horse-power double phaeton Oldsmobiles in Class D. I look forward confidently to seeing these two vehicles at least make their mark.

The Judges' report on the Motor-Boat Reliability Trials forms interesting reading, seeing that it sets forth the fact that the Trials were most successful in proving the reliability, speed, safety, and economy of many of the boats engaged. Fourteen boats out of sixteen completed the two days' run, the number of stoppages being comparatively few, and made only for trivial adjustments. Special reference is made to the success of the two boats by Messrs. Seal and Messrs. Vosper, which used paraffin. The average speed of the boats over so long a period as twenty hours is held to be very satisfactory in all the classes. The Judges, however, consider that greater attention might be paid to the more complete exhaust cooling and silencing, seaworthiness, ease of control and handling, wash arrangement and design, and the

discontinuance of the use of aluminium for sea-going boats. The 2½ horse-power Seal boat, the 12 horse-power 22-foot Vosper boat, the 20 horse-power 25-foot Maudslay boat, and the 55 horse-power Napier boat were awarded gold medals, while the 6 horse-power 22-foot Mitcham boat, the 12 horse-power 30-foot Woodnutt, and the 20 horse-power 30-foot Thornycroft took silver medals.

A most enjoyable automobile outing was the Club hill-test up Detling Hill, near Maidstone, held on the 13th inst. by the Kent Automobile Club. In confining their Club events to the driving of privately owned cars by private members of the Club, the Committee will find that they are successful in inducing Club members to take interest and part in sporting events connected with the Club and from which what may be termed professional drivers and trade cars are strictly barred. If gentlemen connected with the automobile trade who are members of County Automobile Clubs will recognise that this is the only way in which the rank-and-file of Clubs can be brought to interest themselves in driving competitions, they will serve the movement in a far more valuable manner than they could hope to do by snatching a victory for themselves and their advertisement. If such competitions are run wholly and solely upon amateur lines and show no trace of advertisement-mongering, members of such Clubs will, like Mr. J. E. Austin, of the Kent Club, feel disposed to entertain their fellow-members at their country houses when events are fixed near their places.

Loud and continual are the outcries raised against the so-called monopoly of the King's high-road by motorists; but occasionally there are other offenders, not quite so speedy perhaps, but much noisier and more likely to cause accidents by upsetting the nerves of high-spirited horses. The procession of traction-engines shown on this page was met in a Bedfordshire lane a few days ago by an astonished correspondent, who, being compelled to beat a strategic retreat to the roadside, promptly revenged himself by taking a vicious "snapshot" at the enemy from behind a hedge.



THE ETIQUETTE OF THE HIGH-ROAD: WOULD YOU RATHER MEET THIS LITTLE PROCESSION OR A MOTOR-CAR?

*Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The Prince of Wales—Futures—Race-Riding—Tipsters—Conditions.*

THE report that a big training establishment has been bought at Newmarket on behalf of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has caused rejoicing in the camp of Turfites, and, if the rumour is true, I do hope His Royal Highness will run good horses

only, ridden by competent jockeys, with an able trainer to prepare them for their engagements. The Sport of Kings, as I have stated many times of late, is sadly in need of recruits drawn from the ranks of our old nobility—men who would race for racing's sake, and not with a view to bringing off big coups at the expense of the bookmakers and the public. It is certainly fair to suggest that with the coming of the Prince of Wales we shall get some more new owners of the right sort on the Turf, and I do hope there is no truth in the rumour that the Earl of Dunraven and

at times, to indulge in gallery play—that is, to win by a short head, when, by sensible and natural riding, they might have scored by the length of a street. The chief cause of Sloan's success was that he always preferred to do the waiting in front, while the real cause of the downfall of many English jockeys is that they will insist in waiting too long behind, and when the final mad rush comes to be made they find themselves just out-engineered by some up-to-date rider who knows how to trade on their weakness. I contend that all races, long or short, should be run at the highest racing-pace from end to end. It would be better for sightseers and much better in the long run for backers, while it would remove the temptation from many jockeys to remain behind.

I print the following delicious item from an advertising tipster's circular: "In spite of all the Jockey Club say, there are gigantic coups being brought off every day, and it is no uncommon thing to find three or four well-backed horses in a race not trying a yard. I am on terms of the

greatest friendship with many people who frankly admit that it is impossible to keep a big string of horses and run them absolutely on their merits each time, so every now and then they 'put the brake on,' and back another horse in the same race. There are a dozen different ways of stopping a horse better than pulling it, and the jockey himself may think he is on a good thing, whereas it has not got a million-to-one chance. Now, I know of two horses that will win on Saturday. It is no use being careful and backing them singly, but you must do them as a double, and you are certain to get over 25 to 1. If the double does not show 25 to 1, you can have your money back. This is fair, is it not? It is more likely to be at about 40 to 1, however. I was told about these two animals by a gentleman who was recently warned off for something the Jockey Club thought he did concerning one of his horses, and he has never yet told me a loser. He has amassed a gigantic fortune as a professional backer and owner, and the fact is that he knows a bit too much for the Jockey Club people. If you will assist me, I will assist you." I really believe there are gigantic coups being brought off occasionally, but I should be sorry to think it was no uncommon thing to find three or four well-backed horses not trying a yard. I should, however, add that there is in certain betting circles a prevailing idea that some well-known jockeys are often very unfortunate, to say the least of it, when riding first-favourites, who, by-the-by, generally win the next time out when starting at outside prices.

Nearly all the sporting writers have come to my way of thinking in the matter of conditions of races. I have, in season and out, for years contended that the Clerk of the Scales should in all cases be held responsible for the weight carried by every horse in a race, and the sooner the Jockey Club makes this law the better for the Sport of Kings. The objection to Lancashire for the race he won at Kempton has drawn renewed attention to the fact that conditions of races are not understandable by ordinary people, and it is therefore imperative that they should be interpreted by those in authority. Under existing conditions, the bookmakers often have to pay out twice over the one race, while occasionally backers do not receive at all. This is a scandal which calls for immediate remedy. Again, the innocent public require protection. Let the remedy come and that quickly.

CAPTAIN GOE.

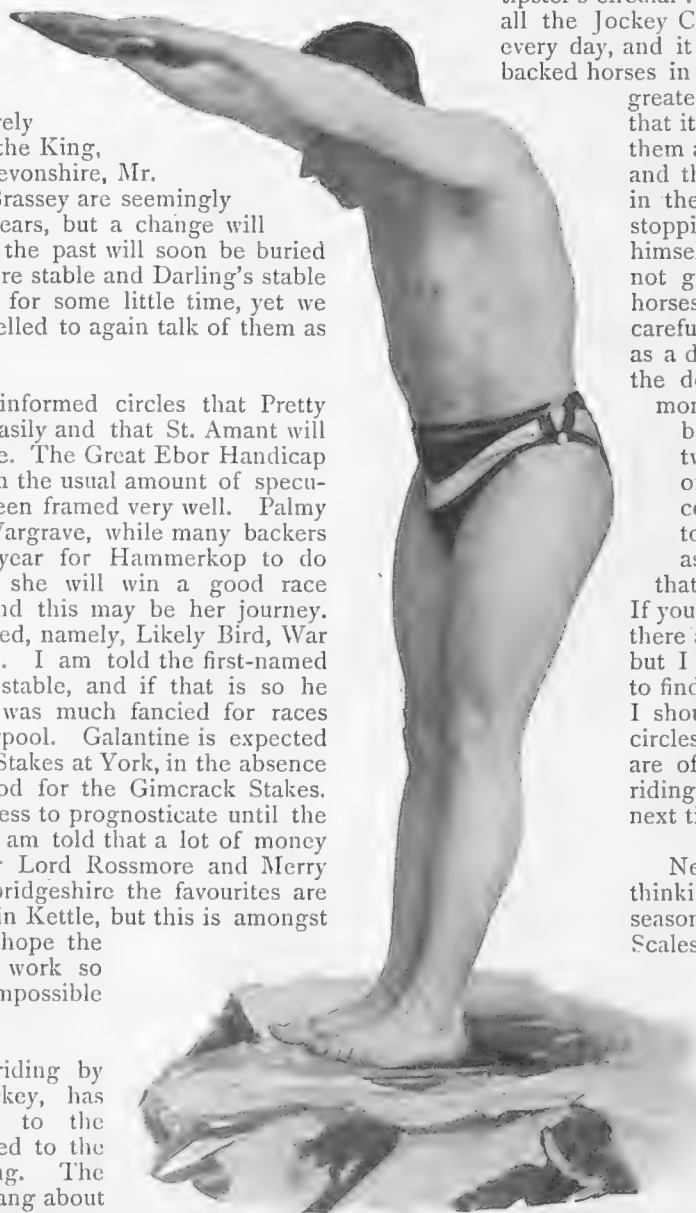


GREASLEY, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE "EVENING NEWS."

Sir Waldie-Griffith are about to retire, as both are ornaments to the sport. Many of our best owners have had their patience sorely tried of late. His Majesty the King, Mr. A. Jarvis, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Larnach, and Mr. Leonard Brassey are seemingly passing through their lean years, but a change will surely come presently, when the past will soon be buried and forgotten. The Kingsclere stable and Darling's stable have been dead out of luck for some little time, yet we may at any moment be compelled to again talk of them as "dangerous stables."

It is considered in well-informed circles that Pretty Polly will win the St. Leger easily and that St. Amant will keep Ajax out of second place. The Great Ebor Handicap should give rise to more than the usual amount of speculation, as the handicap has been framed very well. Palmy Days has a chance, so has Wargrave, while many backers have been waiting all the year for Hammerkop to do something big. No doubt she will win a good race before the season is over, and this may be her journey. Mr. Sullivan has three engaged, namely, Likely Bird, War Wolf, and Winkfield's Charm. I am told the first-named will be the selected of the stable, and if that is so he ought to win, as I know he was much fancied for races at Alexandra Park and Liverpool. Galantine is expected to win the Prince of Wales's Stakes at York, in the absence of Cicero, and Veda is good for the Gimcrack Stakes. For the Cesarewitch it is useless to prognosticate until the weights have appeared, but I am told that a lot of money has gone across the water for Lord Rossmore and Merry Andrew; while for the Cambridgeshire the favourites are Dumbarton Castle and Captain Kettle, but this is amongst little punters only, and I do hope the handicappers may do their work so well that big coups will be impossible this time.

The recent remarkable riding by Maher, the American jockey, has drawn renewed attention to the American methods as opposed to the old English fashion of riding. The successful Americans never hang about in a race, neither do they ever take a liberty near the starting-post by trying to cut matters too fine. Unfortunately, many of the English jockeys try to cheat the handicappers, or, they like,



THE GREAT CHANNEL SWIM: HAGGERTY, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE "WEEKLY DISPATCH."

(SEE "THE MERE MAN.")



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THOUGH Frenchwomen are admittedly smart at all seasons of the year, one is particularly impressed with their innate *chic* at the seaside, where their embroidered linons and lace-begirt cambrics and ineffable mousselines are the secret admiration and the settled despair of other nations. Deauville has in particular been distractingly smart this week of races and festivities generally, and, as the eye ranges from one transcendental costume to another, one cannot help speculating on the amiability or the income, or both, of the husbands who pay for such miraculously smart clothes. Englishwomen are as distinctive at a French watering-place as a Flemish Frau would be in Bond Street. Their garments are usually both expensive and well chosen, but they somehow fail in putting them on to advantage. There is a loose air about the waist and a straight up-and-down aspect of—chest, shall we call it?—and a disengaged appearance of the too easy-going shoes that proclaim the daughter of Britain, though in many essentials her style is of late infinitely improved, and her gowns and hats and parasols are quite entirely unimpeachable.

Marie Tempest, who is staying at Dieppe with her husband and son, may be said to understand the art of clothes to a nicety. Whatever she wears is suitable as well as smart, and in this she visibly stands apart from her compatriots. Mr. Max Beerbohm daily adorns the Plage at the same haunt of the prosperous burgess from both sides of the Channel. Lord Villiers, Colonel Stuart-Wortley, Prince Michael Murat, Sir Frederick and Miss Gunning, and Sir Arthur and Lady Otway are all amongst this week's arrivals, while the approaching races are causing an influx from other centres of sporting folk.

Here, as elsewhere abroad, balls, concerts at the Casino (with first-rate artists from Paris), bathing, golf, and tennis make up the daily

the melancholy respectability of the British watering-place, and again is forced to reflect how much better they "do these things in France."

With most of the smart gowns seen on evenings at the Casino or on the Plage during these warm afternoons, high folded belts of taffetas



[Copyright.]

A BATHING-DRESS OF BLACK TAFFETAS SEEN AT TROUVILLE.

round of gaiety, and, as one sees the animation and avidity with which Mr. and Mrs. John Bull enter into the cheery life across Channel, one is reminded of the contrast between this and the dreadful solemnity,



[Copyright.]

A COSTUME OF WHITE CLOTH WITH BLACK SATIN FACINGS.

complete nearly every costume. The sleeves are also usually very wide and short, to admit of the long, many-buttoned gloves, which are more fashionable for outdoor occasions than mousquetaire. A charming Casino frock, worn by one of the daughters of Princess Glorietta, was of pale-mauve mousseline-de-soie over rose silk. The dress was decorated with flounces of mauve mousseline, encrusted with butterflies of white Chantilly. The bodice, cut low in what the Paris dressmakers call an 1830 décolletage, was covered over the shoulders with a yoke of Chantilly above rose chiffon, a large black picture-hat completing this ideally charming costume.

Poor Lady Hilda McNeill's tragically sudden death has caused a little panic amongst nervous bathers, and people are visibly more careful in venturing overfar in the uncertain, squally state of winds and weather which have prevailed for the past few days. Some women have taken to a new form of safety apparatus called "Le Boa Maritime" by the ingenious inventor. It consists of a succession of little, elongated air-bags, like nothing more than a string of good-sized German sausages. Frills of pinked-out silk mackintosh adorn the neck and ends in various gay colourings, and the boa is put round the shoulders, crossed in front, and tied round the waist. In any position, it enables the wearer to float securely on the water, and is, therefore, a very ark of refuge for the nervous, as, encircled in the modish embraces of a "Boa Maritime," one literally cannot sink. Added to this, a very pretty effect is given to the bather's altogether by its adoption. Three sisters have been gracing the beach at Deauville this week in rose-pink silk mackintosh mob-caps and frilly boas of this nautical variety to match, entire black silk



costumes and delightful little laced-up pink souliers giving an effect that was all there is of the most bewildering; while a more decisive note of colour has been afforded by orange cap, boa, shoes, and costume of white serge on a tall, slim brunette—the very thing for striking effects on a brilliant morning. Peignoirs, that either make a cadence or a contrast, trim the seashore plentifully; but the colour is less “the thing” than the shape, most being more or less formless, while a few newly arrived from Paris have accordion-pleated serge depending from a wide-shaped yoke, and are thus an infinite improvement on former methods.

It will not be amiss for lady visitors to the Dublin Horse Show, when they have endured the heat and dust consequent on such a function, to remember that, in the Irish capital, at 39, Grafton Street, Mrs. Pomeroy awaits them to restore the beauty that a day's wind and sun have somewhat marred. Doubtless, at Mrs. Pomeroy's, in Dublin, all her London customers will assemble, bringing with them many a fair Irish sister.

SYBIL.

We have received from the enterprising manufacturers of the famous “Swan” fountain-pens a well-printed booklet containing a number of photographic views of the various handsome structures erected in the grounds of the Great Exhibition at St. Louis. Each building illustrated is concisely described and its cost stated. Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard intimate that they will gladly send a copy free to all readers mentioning this paper who apply by postcard to any of their establishments: 93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95, Regent Street, W.; or 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

Time was when the use of the juice of the apple was confined almost entirely to the West Country, and to most people “Devonshire cider” was but a name. Of late years, Somerset has made a bold bid for public favour, and at Marston Magna the “Magna” Cider Company have erected works provided with the most up-to-date machinery for the manufacture of a sparkling and wholesome beverage which rivals champagne in flavour, though, happily, not in cost. “Brut” is the firm's speciality; it is delicious as a beverage, highly beneficial as a remedy for gout or rheumatism, and is a powerful aid to diet-treatment in cases of obesity.

The shuffling of theatres is apparently as interesting a process as to the shuffling of cards in which the players are absolutely in the dark as to what hands will be dealt to them. It having been decided that the late Mr. Wilson Barrett's “Lucky Durham” shall not be done at the Comedy, that house is free, and will probably be used for the production of “His Highness, My Husband.” This means that the preparations will be hurried forward to such an extent that, instead of being postponed until Christmas, as was suggested in *The Sketch* last week, or given on Sept. 26, as a morning paper announced, the probability is that the curtain will rise on it on the evening of Sept. 17.

That the motor-car of the future will be the car generally described as that “for men of moderate means” is generally admitted, and no firm is more thoroughly catering for this demand than the great Beeston and Coventry house of Humber, Limited. The “Royal Humberette” which we illustrate is priced at one hundred and seventy-five guineas, and for this the purchaser has 6½-horse power, three speeds and reverse, automatic governor to engine, and many other refinements which one is accustomed to find only in large cars. The car seats two comfortably, is beautifully finished, and any owner with even the slightest knowledge of motor matters will find it possible to manipulate and maintain it without outside assistance, and this is unquestionably a fact which appeals to many buyers. Intending purchasers should call at the London headquarters of the Humber Company, 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., or at any of their numerous dépôts throughout the country, and take advantage of the trial trips the Company offer.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier will, so to speak, “open the ball” for the season on behalf of the actor-managers and the managers whose houses have been closed during the hot weather, for the Garrick is to reopen on Saturday evening next. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play in three acts, which is to be known as “The Chevalier,” and in which, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) will appear, deals, it has been said, with hypnotism and spiritualism. Mr. Bouchier himself, however, declines to admit or deny the statement, contenting himself with the non-committal, if not Delphic, utterance, “Wait until the first-night.” That Mr. Jones's play should deal with the occult is not unnatural, for, to the imaginative mind, the under-world—or rather, the phenomena of the sub-conscious mind, as probably the more advanced scientists would call it—is naturally a matter of considerable interest. Such phenomena have been used in two notable successes, “The Bells” and “Trilby,” but it has been noticed in many others, and M. Sardou has also made use of it, as in “Spiritisme,” though not with such a successful result. In any case, the treatment of such material by Mr. Jones cannot fail to be of interest, for it may be said of his pen that it touches nothing it does not adorn.

## FORTUNE'S FAVOURS

Such a busy Dame is Fortune, it should waken small surprise  
When a few of us she overlooks, and others she denies;  
Neither in aggrieved amazement need we stand around transfixed  
If this waitress on occasion gets her orders slightly mixed.

When Clifford Dare was “going five,” a weary child was he,  
With a wealth of pretty playthings, and bright picture-books to see;  
Yet he felt that from the Pie of Life he'd wrest the finest Plum  
Would Dame Fortune but invest him with a Rattle and a Drum.

So he wailed, and wept, and whimpered, and he pulled Dame  
Fortune's gown,  
And his teary features puckered in a formidable frown;  
But Dame Fortune, with a thousand calls on both her time and  
purse,  
Answered vaguely, “By-and-by, my dear; now run away to Nurse.”

Twice twenty striving, straining years, Ambition at the Wheel,  
Made Clifford Dare a man of might, a power in Gold and Steel;  
A King; in short, who, finding that he lacked in mortal reach  
Nothing save a Queen and Palace, promptly ordered one of each.

Dame Fortune, with a quiet hour upon her tired hands,  
Remembered half a promise to a child in far-off lands;  
And she sent her embassies to Dare, the Glorious and Glum,  
With gifts for him—long-promised gifts—a Rattle and a Drum.

ARTHUR A. LODGE.

In “The Letters of Thomas Carlyle,” just published, it is stated that Carlyle, in 1855, wrote of Ruskin as “a bottle of beautiful soda-water.” The great writer was staying at Malvern about this time, and doubtless the simile was suggested to him by the bright sparkle of the bubbles in Burrow's well-known Malvern Soda-Water, with which he would have been familiar.

Having completed a three weeks' study of the Arthurian legend *in situ* at the King Arthur's Castle Hotel, Tintagel, Sir Henry Irving has reluctantly turned his face Londonwards. The better sort of American traveller also seems to have discovered the virtues of Mr. William Taylor's capable management and the superlative attractions of the healthiest and historically most interesting spot on the breezy north coast of Cornwall. A number of prominent American citizens have taken advantage of our perfect summer to pay this lovely spot a prolonged visit.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO “THE SKETCH.”

## INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.  
Six Months, 14s.; Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d.  
Three Months, 7s.; Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

## ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
Six Months, 19s. 6d.; Christmas Half-year, £1 15s.  
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THE “ROYAL HUMBERETTE.”



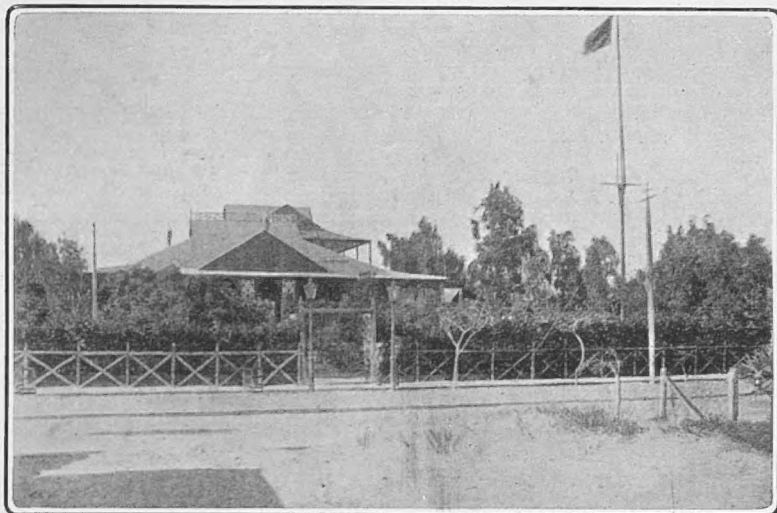
## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

THE strong Bank Return has inspired hope that there may be no rise in the official rate this year, and it really looks as if, for a few weeks at any rate, the Bank Directors will be able to get on with the present 3 per cent. minimum. Easy money and a settled political outlook would very soon bring about an improvement in the Stock Markets, but neither of these much-desired conditions is assured.

Many people think that prosperity on the Rand and an increase in the gold-production of South Africa are the key of the position, and



BEIRA: THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

that, once the Kaffir situation is secure, all the rest will follow. There is a good bit to be said for this belief, for the number of steady, sober, and commonplace investors who are interested in Kaffirs is quite astonishing, and, if they only saw their shares in good odour and rising, they would be willing enough to do business in other things. As it is, the professional man who has his four or five hundred pounds locked up in, say, Randfontein or Barnato Consols, or any of the other fairly high-class shares, and finds a loss of 25 or 30 per cent. upon what they cost, refuses to deal any more. Given time and plenty of Chinamen, the gold output must improve, and with it the whole Kaffir position; while the end of the Parliamentary Session makes it almost certain that the impending change of Government will not take place before the middle of next year, so that the Transvaal Labour Ordinance, under which the Chinamen are introduced, cannot be tampered with till then, which should give time for thirty or forty thousand coolies to be at work under three years' agreements, before the Radicals can put a spoke in the wheel. Whether when the time comes they would wish to repeal the Ordinance is very doubtful, for there is great difference between politicians in office and out.

## THE HOME RAILWAY TRAFFICS.

The Home Railway Market is in a very low and depressed condition, and it must be confessed that the traffics for the current half-year, and for the last week in particular, do not make pleasant reading. Is it, after all, that trade is on the down grade and that the majority of people have not as much money to spend as usual? Despite the fine weather which has prevailed, the "takes" both from goods and passengers show fallings-off of a serious nature. The everlasting capital expenditure of most of the lines is also a depressing influence, for in many instances the money is used not to increase mileage, but to improve existing accommodation—as in the Victoria Station case—and the effect is only very indirectly to add to the earning power.

So far as the half-year has gone, the only lines to show any improvement are the Brighton, the South-Eastern and Chatham, and the South-Western, while, to set against small increases in these companies, we have to put losses of very large amounts in the cases of the Midland, the North-Western, and the Great Northern. If the poor traffics continue, the market for Home Rails must remain depressed.

## YANKEES' POSSIBLE REACTION.

Having followed the American Market for some good while now, taking a hopeful view of its prospects, we are bound to admit that the time seems to be coming near when it will pay the bull to take his handsome profit and stand aside for a time. When the advance commenced, there was a very healthy level of prices from which to start it. The press on this side had been lugubriously bearish for months, and, while the influence of journalists counts for little when a boomlet gets into going order, it nevertheless makes itself felt at depression-times by adding yet another to the long catalogue of reasons which fetter business and accordingly make for lower prices.

But the London authorities of the Press made a great mistake in not recognising the turn of the tide when it came, so that, although a certain amount of money has been made on this side, the full benefit of the boom was not grasped as it might have been.

Now, after our own term of bullishness, we feel the time has come for us to join the majority—we speak with reference to market operations, not with reference to Insurance Companies and other Burial Clubs—and the train of adverse circumstances which is bearing upon the outlook for American Railroads may easily prove too much for prices to be held up. There are the labour difficulties, there are the "cuts" in one business after the other, there are the probably exaggerated but partially truthful figures of decrease in the wheat crop—three cogent arguments for those who look at the situation with caution. *Per contra*, money is cheap and will possibly remain plentiful, trade in the United States is in by no means as bad a state as the Board of Trade July figures would make out our own commerce to be, and then the off-chance of a settlement of the Extreme East hostilities must be measured as a bull point. Here we submit half-a-dozen factors that assist in governing the American Market, but the casting-vote goes to the Unexpected which always Happens, and we admit our fallibility as readily as our opinion that prices are almost at the top.

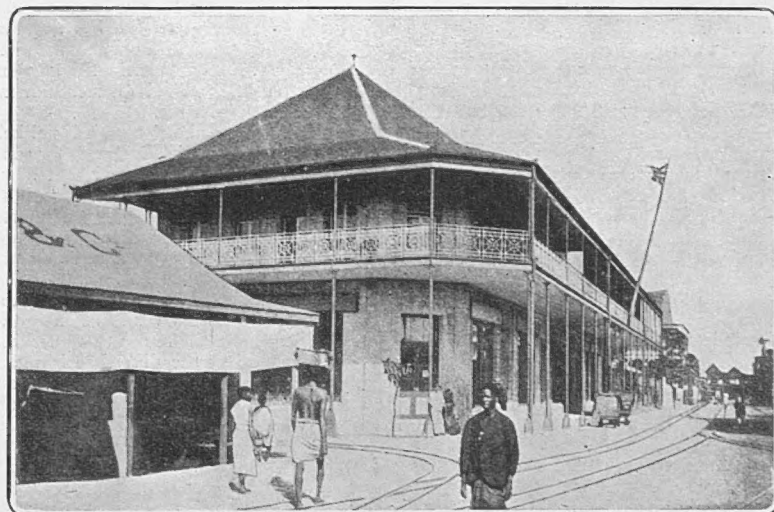
## MEXICAN RAILS AND ARGENTINE.

What troubles the Mexican Railway Market more than anything else is the limpness of interest taken by the public in its stocks. But for this, there would probably have been no recession from the better prices scored by Mexican Firsts a few months ago, because the recent traffics are satisfactory enough, and the course of silver is really not sufficiently marked to occasion much fluctuation either way in the Railway's stocks. So long, however, as the market is left to itself, and has to depend upon itself for pegs of support, prices are sure to dwindle in the absence of any sensational improvement in the traffic receipts, although we reiterate our view that the First Preference is cheap at 80 and that the Seconds are a good gamble of their sort.

Heavy rain is given as the cause for a certain amount of falling-off in the takes of the Argentine Railways, and, unless this market gets bumper traffics, it puts down prices with a fine impartiality. The Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company publishes an increase of £331,491 since the beginning of January, and the Deferred stock looks quite as cheap as the Ordinary, seeing that both will probably get 6 per cent. for the year. The interim dividend on the Ordinary will be declared in the course of a few weeks, and our estimate that it will be at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum still holds good. The Argentine Great Western shows a decrease of £574, the Argentine North-Eastern an increase of 36,771 dollars, and the East Argentine is £5533 better off, these figures dating from Jan. 1. As regards the Companies which announce their traffics from the beginning of July, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern is £18,315 and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific £2130 in advance of last year, while a decrease of £22,164 is reported by the Buenos Ayres Western. The new Argentine President-Elect, Dr. Manuel Quintana, comes into power next October, and his reputation as an able man of business encourages the hope that the findings of the Commission now sitting to discuss the Customs duties of the country will not be allowed to die of neglect. The crops are, of course, the first consideration to Argentine Railway Companies, but, after them, an enlightened Government policy is one of the next greatest adjuncts to the prosperity of the lines.

## KAFFIR HOPES!

Not without an object do we add a note of exclamation to the heading of this particular paragraph. Many people would say that there are no such things as Kaffir hopes alive—although plenty of dead ones stare from the faces of pretty share-certificates whose owners look them over in profane silence. The market, too, has been killing to the fond aspirations of those who saw in each slight bear-covering



BEIRA: THE OCEANA COMPANY'S OFFICE.



rise, the promise of just such another boom as occurred in 1895. It is a task Herculean to attempt to display interest in a market whose most prominent shares move up  $\frac{1}{8}$  on Monday, fall  $\frac{3}{32}$  on Tuesday, and wind up the week about  $\frac{7}{16}$  lower than they were on the preceding Saturday.

Yet we discern a "man's hand" in the sky of dull greyiness to which we have been too long accustomed. Allowing that there is still no business in the Kaffir Market, the mysterious tone which plays an important part in making or unmaking prices shows a growing inclination to harden. You find people more willing to grant the possibility of a better time in store for South Africans generally. Much is being made of the comparatively new system of tube-mills for the Rand. The Chinese coolies, unless announcements from responsible quarters err very grievously, are proving themselves capable workmen whose efficiency is a matter of weeks rather than months, and their ranks are being rapidly swollen by fresh arrivals. More than all this, the actual gold is being distributed in dividends, and clearly this will be the one thing necessary to attract outside support. The more gold, the more business; and if the August output shows a satisfactory improvement over that of July—which it should do—we may see the Kaffir Circus awakening to new life next month, more especially if the Yankee Market should lull down again in the way suggested above.

#### ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

##### The Stock Exchange.

Prolonged idleness is the hardest work to be had. Speaking from personal experience, I denounce it as provocative of restlessness and irritability; as enervating to an extent which makes you less inclined to do what little remains to be done; as tending to make one wilfully extravagant out of sheer h'm'h'mness, and as an evil which ought to be put down by the State itself. In the absence of any particular hope that the Government will come to our aid with well-distributed orders to buy and sell Yankees, Westralians, West Africans, Rhodesians, and other luxuries compared with which Consols are mere gambling-counters, I do think that the Managers might do much to improve matters by allowing the public free access to our markets. There might be half-day trips arranged at inclusive charges of one guinea per head, children 31s. 6d., because of their appetites. The itinerary would include drive from the Bank Station of the Twopenny Tube, promenade round the various markets under the personal conductorship of a Committeeman paid a percentage on the number in the party, the "hammering" of anyone not a member of the House, a quiet ten minutes in the Johnnies' Investment Market when Mr. S. has an option order, tours through the Settling Rooms, and, finally, luncheon upstairs in the Committee Chamber, a heavy corkage being charged upon imported drinks. After lunch, visits to the Clearing House, the Parlour, and the Kitchen, winding up with a Colossal Entertainment in the American Market upon Receipt of New York Prices, followed by a drive back to the aforesaid Tube Station, each person to receive a farewell in the right hand from a Manager and an orange in the left.

Properly organised and pushed, this idea might enable the Stock Exchange proprietors to receive dividends of 150 per cent. instead of the beggarly 75 per cent. now distributed (business being so bad, you see), while as to the advertisement which the House would receive, it would beat hollow the other idea which demands that permission be given to members to advertise individually. May I earnestly recommend this briefly sketched scheme to Mr. H. H. Pain, Mr. Faithfull Begg, Mr. A. H. Leigh, and our other advanced reformers who are fighting so gallantly for our—excuse this tear-stained sheet—our simple rights.

However—

With dry eyes, although with still a suspicious lump in the throat, I pass along to less worthy objects of consideration. The Mother of All the Stock Exchanges spreads her wares in choice profusion before our sight, and says, "Now, you have but to buy or to sell, and you make money, or you lose it. I have only two alternatives to offer you. Were there a dozen, you would have some excuse for making occasional mistakes, but with only two—? Come now, you ought to be able to see your way, in at least half-a-dozen stocks, clearly enough to make your bank-balance follow the example of Sam Weller's tea-drinking lady." Is it not singular that we should be baffled over and over again? Speculation ought to be an easy game at which to make money: it possesses very few golden rules, and the wisest student of American Rails is just as likely to be wrong in operating, say, five hundred Ontarios, as the veriest tyro. As a gamble, I consider Rio Tintos are even now worth buying. The bears make determined slams at them time after time, but the impression produced is of the slightest, and, unless the Copper market goes to pot—the illustration is too appropriate to be eschewed because it happens to be vulgar—then Rio Tintos will advance to 55 and possibly higher. The market is so inherently strong that it would seem to want an earthquake to shake it severely, just as the Kaffir Circus needs, more than all else, a volcano to wake it up. Still, it is well not to be out of Kaffirs at the moment, and the man who wants to recoup some of his losses in this department should put away Gedulds and Apex and Henry Nourse. On no account should he contango them. The carry-over system is so apt to shake all the pluck out of a man by making him pay differences fortnight after fortnight that he too often ends by selling his shares in utter disgust upon some transitory flatness which overtakes the market, after which he swears he will never look at Kaffirs again, a promise he religiously observes until some big rise takes place, and he has no more power to resist getting in at the top than I have to make my City Editor pay me more than fifty guineas for these literary works, which he insultingly prints in the smallest type they've got in the office. But Heaven forbid that I should quarrel with my bread-and-butter. The softer he—I mean, it—is, the better for me.

After the disgusting exhibition of the Yorkshire Wool Combers' case, it is unlikely that investors will take any great interest in this class of Industrial Company for some time to come. The shares, it may be parenthetically remarked, are round about threepence each, and buyers at a penny-halfpenny can still be found. Bears, I suppose. Yet those who don't mind running a little risk for the sake of obtaining good interest might do much worse than Fine Cotton Spinners Ordinary, the price of which is about 24s. Manchester people whom I know tell me that the concern is doing very well, and people in London who ought to have acquaintance with its inner workings confirm this statement. The last full year's dividend was at the rate of 8 per cent., so that on the money the yield is over 6½ per cent. Taking Thomas Wallis as one of the soundest Industrials that can be bought, it will be found that the return to a purchaser works out to 2 per cent. less than that on Fine Spinners, and the difference is a good insurance against the more variable character of the Combine's business. Bradford and the other manufacturing towns of Yorkshire are looking forward to brighter days, and it is said that many of the mills now working on short time will be able to resume their normal conditions in the autumn.

Another Industrial share that has come rather smartly to the front of late is Harrod's. Paying a shade more than 5 per cent. on the money now, some people in the market confidently go for a better dividend next time, and, although the Company is surrounded by prosperous competitors, its 20 per cent. distribution testifies to splendid management in every department. As a man was saying to me in the House only the other day, Industrial shares would be much more popular—and therefore

more easily negotiable—if only it were known that the Reserve Funds are invested outside the business, say, in Trustee stocks. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of this question; one might write a couple of columns about it without liquid assistance. No; I eat apples when writing—they are the finest stimulants for anyone who hasn't the knack of keeping a pipe alight when engaged in the ink-soiling of clean paper. But, getting back to the Reserve Fund question, which my City Editor might dwell upon the next time he is hard up for a Note, I maintain that, apart from the point of policy, considerably more confidence would be felt in these Industrials if it were known that a solid list of gilt-edged securities stood between any Company and its Auditors.

Slaters, I am informed on good authority, will pay its 16 per cent. again for the current twelvemonth, and here is another good 5 per cent. investment of a sound sort. Anglo-Argentine Tramways are going better, and can now be picked up to return nearly 4½ per cent. on the money, allowing for the accrued interest. Coats non-cumulative Preferred yields a shade over 4 per cent., but when a stock gets up to nearly 500, it is somewhat beyond the reach of most of us, even although it can be divided into small amounts. London General Omnibus stock pays over 6 per cent., and the Chairman quite glowed with pride at the recent meeting as he expatiated upon the most satisfactory year that the Company had ever enjoyed. The average layman might wonder why on earth some better form of vehicle has not been placed on the road ages ago. Demand for better forms of traction is clamant, and what Thomas de Quincey wrote a hundred years since on the same subject makes interesting reading to-day. In his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," he says, "Locomotion was so prodigiously on the increase that, in order to meet its demands, the old form of coach (carrying at most six insides) was exchanging itself, on all great roads, for a long, boat-like vehicle, very much resembling our modern detestable omnibus, but without our modern improvements. This carriage was called a 'long coach,' and the passengers, twelve or fourteen insides, sat along the sides; and, as ventilation was little regarded in those days—the very existence of an atmosphere being usually ignored—it followed that the horrors of Governor Holwell's black cage at Calcutta were every night repeated, in smaller proportions, upon every great English Road." This referred to conditions existing in 1802. I need say no more.

If the Managers, Committee, and Reformers of the Stock Exchange would like further particulars of the scheme outlined in the earlier part of this letter, they can be supplied with the same upon application to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER,

Accompanied by names, addresses, and descriptions, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good delivery.

#### THE FALSE STATEMENTS (COMPANIES) BILL.

This Bill, which was the outcome of the Attorney-General's bad law in the Whitaker Wright case, has, like many other good and bad legislative proposals, been dropped for the time being, and there is some discussion going on as to whether or not it ought to be revived.

The Bill introduces a new principle into our Criminal Law, which has hitherto confined itself to punishing acts committed with an improper or fraudulent motive. For instance, to convict a man of forgery, it is necessary to show that he signed your name with the intent to defraud, and to convict a man of publishing a false balance-sheet, it is obligatory to prove that it was done to deceive or defraud shareholders or creditors; but the proposed Bill makes motive altogether immaterial, and the director who allowed a balance-sheet to go out with assets such as, let us say, "lands and buildings," undervalued, would be liable to conviction just as much as the man who grossly inflated the same item. Probably the balance-sheet of every bank and every Railway Company is untrue—in most cases on the right side by an ultra-conservative valuation of assets; but surely it would be absurd to prosecute criminally the directors because they desired to understate their assets. The truth seems to be that the Bill is an absurd attempt to legislate for evils which do not exist, for, in every case that has been brought to the test of trial, the persons concerned in publishing false balance-sheets have been found guilty of an intent to defraud, and the present law has been proved amply sufficient to safeguard the public.

We do not remember one case in which a person who has deserved to be convicted has escaped, and to pass a law which makes a criminal motive unnecessary to the committal of a criminal offence is, in our opinion, a mistake, and merely calculated to prevent the best class of business-men from acting as directors. It is easy to pass laws which are in advance of public opinion, but such legislation never does any good, and often does great harm. Let us stick to the safe rule that the criminal law is only for the intentionally dishonest.

Saturday, Aug. 20, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ALPHA BETA.—The Lemercier Company went into liquidation on Aug. 30, 1902. There is not likely to be anything for the shareholders.

D. R.—We have passed on your letter to the Publishing Department. It had nothing to do with the City Editor's correspondence.

KENDAL.—There will probably be no dividend on Grand Trunk Second Pref. for this year, and what, if anything, will be paid on the First Pref. is doubtful and depends on the traffics for remainder of the year. See last week's Notes. Inter-Oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds, yielding 5 per cent., or City of Mexico Debentures, or Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock, or Johannesburg 4 per cent. Bonds would all give you a fair return and a reasonable security as to income.

C. C.—We should think the bonds of the Provident Society were all right, but there have been rumours of an adverse nature about the concern from time to time. The "British Homes" Company is a new and weak one. The management is respectable, but its financial position and prospects are doubtful. Neither concern would have been recommended by us.

PARIS.—The less you have to do with the combinations of lottery bonds the better for your pocket. The people you name charge more than the market-price. If you want this sort of thing, go and buy them in the Market, and you will get them cheaper.

HOLIDAY-MAKER.—You may go away to Switzerland with a fairly clear conscience as long as the securities are paid for. Only a fool keeps an account open and carries over stock while he is travelling about and cannot be communicated with.